A MASTERPIECE OF MADNESS: "OUT OF CHAOS!"

PSYCHO

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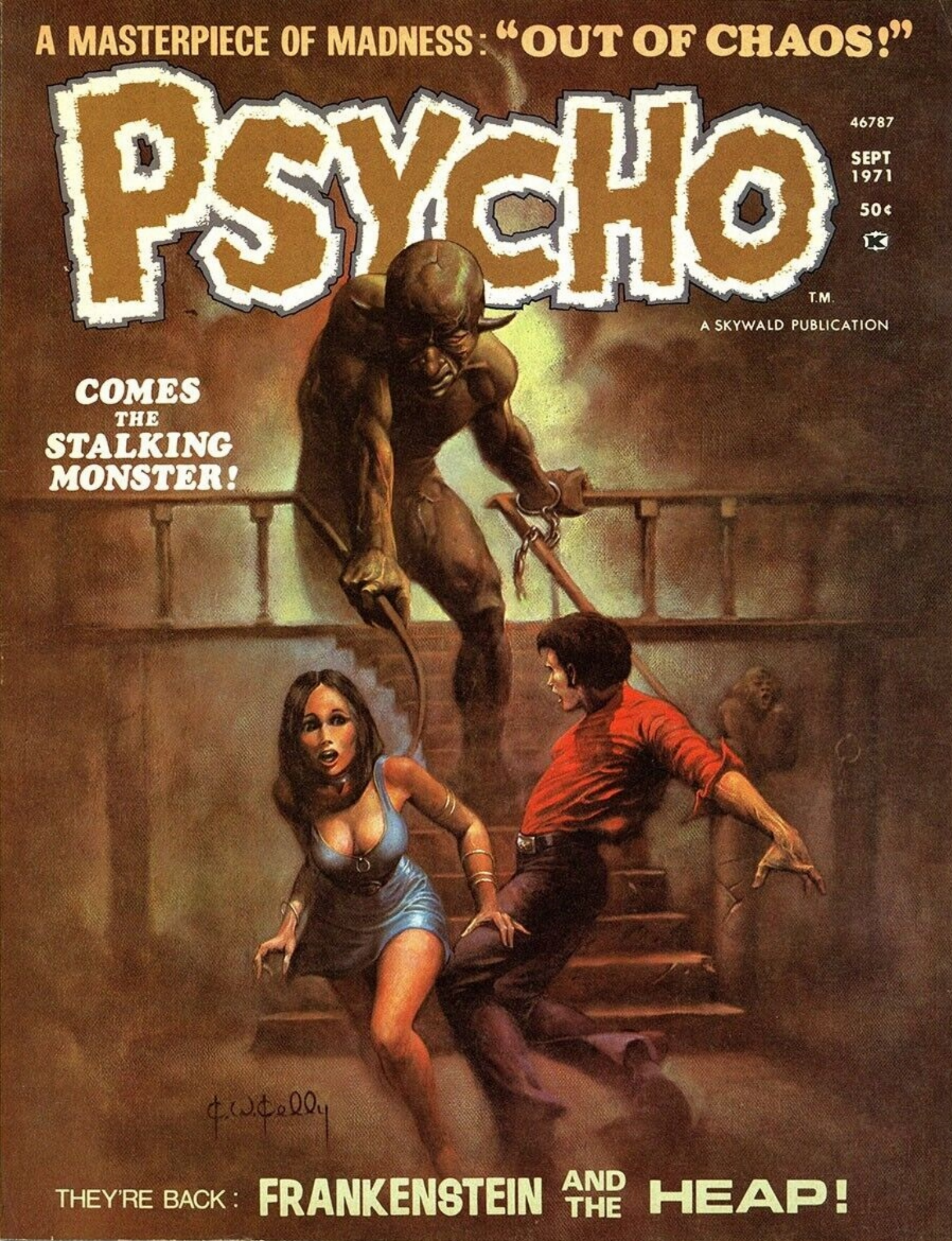
A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

COMES THE STALKING MONSTER!



THEY'RE BACK: FRANKENSTEIN AND THE HEAP!

THE INNSMOUTH APPARITION
MACABRE
KRAK!
BUB!
BLUB!
BOOM!
BLUB!
SPLASH!
DANGER
DEPTH CHARGE
"The Apparition first appeared off the coast of Massachusetts October 31st., 1931. Three days later the Coast Guard depth charged the area, but word of the operation was never made public.
9

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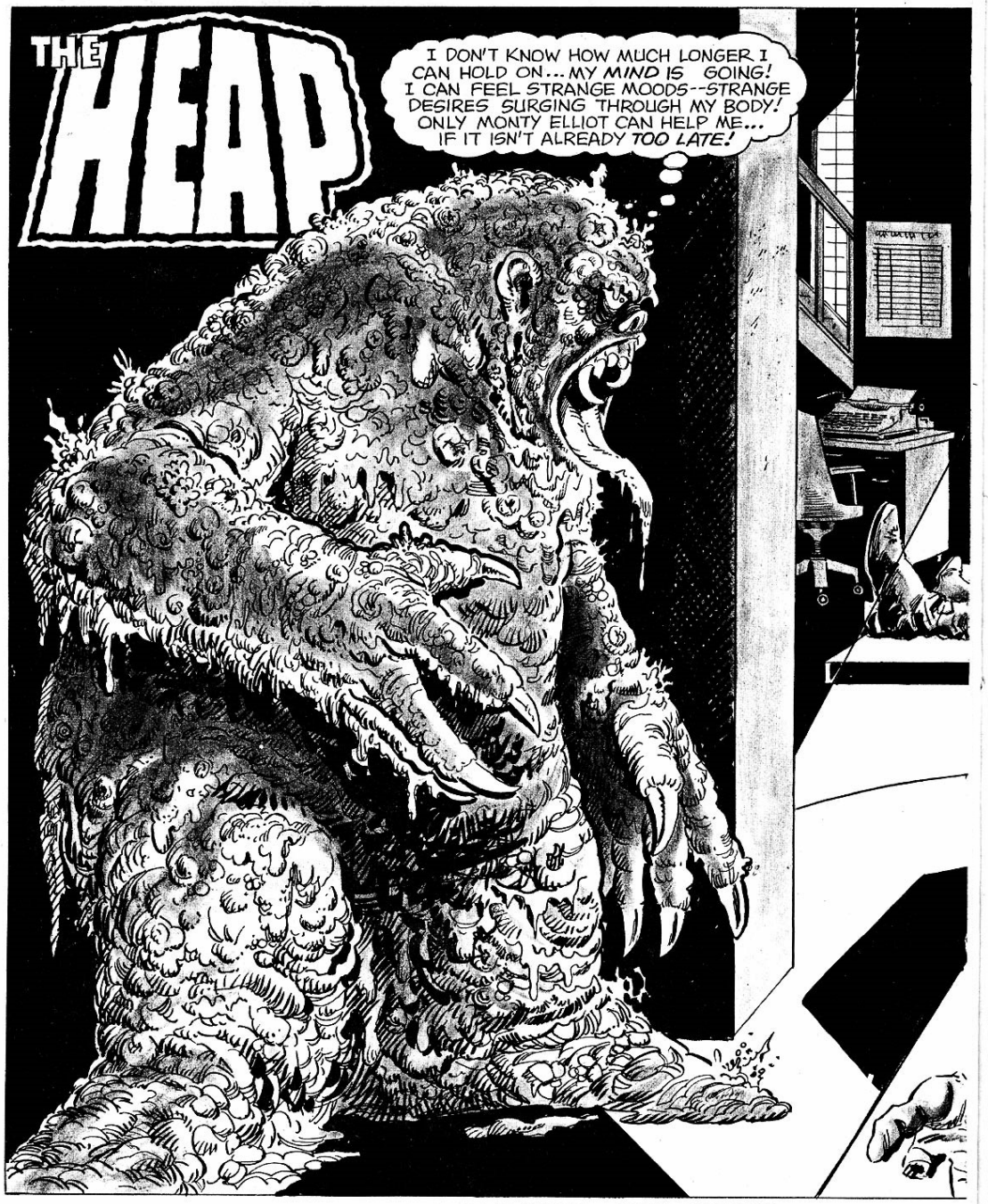

THE HEAP
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN HOLD ON... MY MIND IS GOING! I CAN FEEL STRANGE MOODS--STRANGE DESIRES SURGING THROUGH MY BODY! ONLY MONTY ELLIOT CAN HELP ME... IF IT ISN'T ALREADY TOO LATE!

D-DO YOU THINK THESE T-TORN UP BODIES ARE REALLY ADOLF HITLER AND I-ILSE KOCH?
PROFESSOR ELLIOT--THERE'S A HIDEOUS MONSTROUS THING LOOSE OUT THERE THAT DID THIS. I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU CAN FIND ANY CLUES AS TO WHY THESE TWO CADAVERS WERE DISMEMBERED AND THAT ONE WASN'T?
GENTLEMEN--GENTLEMEN! PLEASE...THERE ARE MANY QUESTIONS...
...AND I'VE GOT A LONG HARD NIGHT AHEAD OF ME! THE SOONER YOU LEAVE THIS MORGUE--THE CLOSER I'LL BE TO FINDING SOME ANSWERS!
ONCE YOU WERE A MAN. NOW YOU ARE A STINKING, OOZING BLOB OF MIASMIC FLESH WITH A FEVERED BRAIN! A BRAIN STRUGGLING TO MAINTAIN SANITY, FINDING IT MORE DIFFICULT WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, TO REMEMBER WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE HUMAN. PART OF YOU IS DYING AND SOMETHING NEW IS BEING BORN. SOMETHING HIDEOUS AND FRIGHTENING...
NIGHT OF EVIL!

Script by: ROSS ANDRU ● Art by: ROSS ANDRU and MIKE ESPOSITO

ALL RIGHT, PROF. ELLIOT--YOU WIN--WE'RE LEAVING! BUT BE CAREFUL GOING HOME. AND KEEP A GUN NEXT TO YOUR PILLOW WHEN YOU GO TO SLEEP. THAT HEAP COULD SHOW UP ANYWHERE!
SURE.
THE FOOTSTEPS AND THEIR ECHOES DISAPPEAR DOWN THE HALL AND ALL IS QUIET SAVE THE BARELY AUDIBLE HUM OF THE ELECTRIC CLOCK ON THE WALL...
A COLD SHIVER SUDDENLY RUNS DOWN THE BACK OF PROF. ELLIOT'S NECK! INTRUDING ITSELF OVER THE HUMMING OF THE CLOCK, IS THE SOUND OF LABORED BREATHING...
THE PARALYZING CHILL OF FEAR SPREADS THROUGHOUT HIS BODY--YET MONTY ELLIOT IS COMPELLED TO TURN HIS HEAD...
AND QUICKLY, THE FEAR IN HIM TURNS TO HORROR...
URK--
URRK--
STAY AWAY! KEEP BACK--
GOOD LORD!! IT'S HERE--IN THE MORGUE!
BUT MONTY'S FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED. AND YOU MEAN TO TELL HIM SO...YOU GROPE FOR A PEN AT A NEARBY TABLE.

BROKE IT!!--NO USE...I'M TOO CLUMSY!
GOT TO STOP IT! MUST DESTROY IT!!
SNAP
CRACK
THOK
SNAPPED THE AXE HANDLE!
IT'S NO USE--
...GOT TO TRY AND GET TO THE TROOPERS!
YOU PICK HIM UP AND CARRY HIM OUTSIDE...
IT'S ME-JIM ROBERTS I WAS TRAPPED IN PLANE AFTER IT CRASHED & BURNED IN ARMY CHEMICAL DEPOT
YOU SCRAWL YOUR INCREDIBLE STORY IN THE DIRT...
YOUR OLD FRIEND STANDS THERE IN DISBELIEF, AS SLOWLY THE TRUTH DAWNS UPON HIM!
IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT'S AGAINST EVERY THING SCIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME!...I...I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

FOR A WHILE MONTY IS IN A STATE OF MENTAL CONFUSION... AND THEN, PROF. ELLIOT'S RESILIENT MIND BEGINS TO ACCEPT THE INCREDIBLE...
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HELP YOU, JIM--BUT I'M SURE AS HELL GONNA TRY! COME, MY FRIEND, WE'RE GOING HOME TO MY LAB!
FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS TAKE A SAMPLE SCRAPING OF THE SKIN ON YOUR FOREARM--
AFTER I ANALYSE IT UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, I'LL BE SPENDING DAYS SEARCHING FOR AN ANTIDOTE!
THE SHERIFF WILL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOU, JIM!...
GO UP TO MY ROOM AND TRY TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!
MY PHOTO! STILL RIGHT WHERE THEY PUT IT AFTER I FINALLY GAVE IN TO LAURIE'S PESTERING!
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A PHOTO LIKE THAT AGAIN!
THIS PICTURE WAS ONLY TAKEN TWO MONTHS AGO...YET, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S ME... I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M LOOKING AT A STRANGER...
to Monty & Laurie — Jim
SUDDENLY...
HEADLIGHT BEAMS!! CAR COMING UP THE DRIVEWAY--
SOMEBODY BRINGING LAURIE HOME FROM A NIGHT OUT--!

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! DON'T WANT HER TO SEE ME!
NOT LIKE THIS! I'D SCARE HER TO DEATH!
CLICK
THUMP
DAD--?
THAT YOU--DAD?
WINDOW'S OPEN!
WHAT'S THAT SLIMEY STUFF ON THE WINDOW SILL?
DAD--I HEARD A NOISE IN THE STUDY JUST NOW AS I WAS PASSING BY. I LOOKED IN AND THE WINDOW WAS OPEN!
OH...I WAS AIRING THE ROOM, AND MUST'VE FORGOTTEN TO CLOSE IT, LAURIE! AS FOR THE NOISE, IT WAS PROBABLY JUST THE WIND!
MADE IT OUT OF THERE JUST IN TIME...
COULDN'T BEAR TO BRING ANY PAIN TO LAURIE!

...BUT THERE WAS SOME KIND OF GOOEY, FLESHY SUBSTANCE ON THE WINDOW SILL... AND...
OH THAT! I HAD SOME TISSUE CULTURES WITH ME AT THE TIME...
I FORGOT TO CLEAN THEM UP!
RRRING
YES, SHERIFF DONALDSON! I'M ALL RIGHT. REALLY? YOU SAY THE AUTOPSY ROOM IS A SHAMBLES? NO, I HAD NO IDEA! WHEN I LEFT EVERYTHING WAS IN ORDER! IF YOU NEED ME FOR ANYTHING, I'LL BE UP ALL NIGHT WORKING. DON'T HESITATE TO CALL!
WHEW! MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THAT ONE... NOW--
LOOK, LAURIE DEAR--I'VE GOT A HEAVY NIGHT AHEAD! WE'LL TALK SOME MORE OVER BREAKFAST!
BUT DAD... OH--ALL RIGHT!
YOU HAVE WANDERED PAST THE WOODS IN YOUR RESTLESSNESS AND IMPATIENCE! YOU FIND YOURSELF DEEP IN THE SWAMP BEYOND IT. SOMEWHERE AHEAD, YOU HEAR VOICES, UGLY, BRUTAL SOUNDING VOICES!
?!
WHEN ARE WE GONNA LEAVE THIS CESSPOOL! I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US! THIS SWAMP IS BEGINING TO GET TO ME! IT'S JUST THE KIND OF PLACE YOU'D EXPECT THAT HEAP WE SAW TO TURN UP IN!
YEAH... WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN THE DEATH HOUSE! WE WERE SLATED TO BURN-- REMEMBER?
BESIDES THAT SHOTGUN YOU'RE HOLDING WILL STOP ANYTHING AT CLOSE RANGE SHORT OF AN ELEPHANT! AND I DIDN'T SEE ANY TRUNK OR BIG EARS ON IT--DID YOU?
OHHHH THE ROPES ARE TOO TIGHT! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
SHUT UP! YOU'LL TAKE WHAT YOU GET!
YEAH, LADY! AND IF YOU BEHAVE WE MIGHT EVEN LET YOU LIVE!

THAT WAS A WEIRD NIGHT--RIKER! THE NIGHT WE BROKE OUT OF PRISON AND WE WAS CROSSIN' THAT HILL...
AARGH
WHEEEE
THAT HEAP TURNED ON THOSE CREEPS AFTER THEY KILLED THAT MAN! LOOK--IT'S TEARIN' THEM APART!
GET DOWN-- HERE COMES THE LAW!
THAT SHERIFF GOT THERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THAT HEAP TAKE OFF. THE WHOLE SCENE REALLY STIRRED HIM UP! HE NEVER SPOTTED US!
THEY SAW IT ALL! IF I BRING THEM BACK-- I'LL HAVE WITNESSES TO PROVE I'M INNOCENT. I WON'T HAVE TO HIDE AND MONTY CAN SPEND FULL TIME TRYING TO CURE ME!
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! OUR PRETTY LITTLE HOSTAGE HAS PASSED OUT! HAW! MAYBE I DID MAKE THE ROPES TOO TIGHT!
HOLD IT! THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING OUT THERE!
RIKER! IT'S HERE! THAT GOD AWFUL THING IS HERE!
...AND IT'S COMING FOR US!
YARGHHH
BAM!

AARGH
NO--LORD, NO--!
THE HOLE THE SHOTGUN BLEW OUT OF YOUR SIDE IS PULLING TOGETHER ALREADY BUT THE MOMENTUM OF YOUR PAIN AND ANGER CARRIES YOU FORWARD AND YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE...
CRUNCH
...YOU HAVE CRUSHED HIS HEAD LIKE A BLOODY EGG!

A SPARK OF HUMANITY IN YOU STILL LIVES. YOU STOP AND FREE THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL...

YOU TRUDGE RELENTLESSLY ON AND FINALLY YOU COME UPON HIM, WHIMPERING WITH FEAR AND EXHAUSTION...

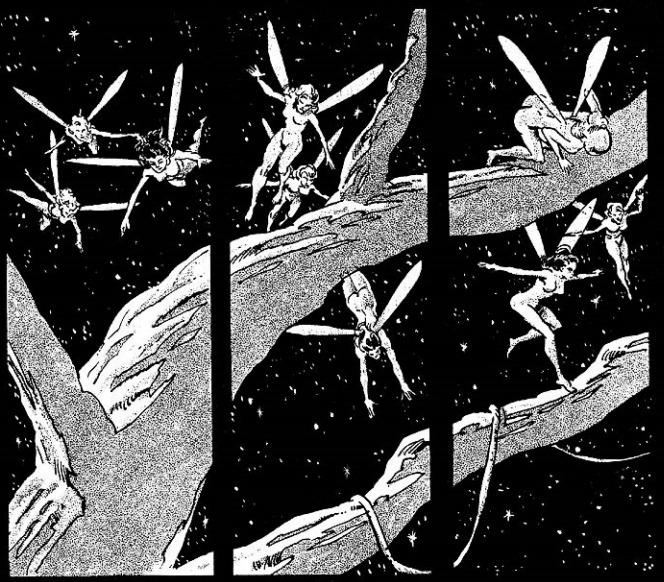
AND THEN YOU HEAR THEM...

YAAAGH--
HOLD YOUR FIRE-- HE'S GOT SOMEONE-- HOLD YOUR FIRE!!
POK
POK
POK
BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S ORDER CAN TAKE EFFECT, YOU ARE HIT BY A BARRAGE OF SHOTGUN PELLETS...
PLIIP
PLIIP
...AND YOUR LAST WITNESS IS DEAD. THOSE SHOTGUNS CAN KEEP BLOWING HOLES IN YOU UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT--YOU TURN AND RUN...AND SUDDENLY...
I'M STUCK-- CAN'T MOVE!!

WITH DRAMATIC AND UNEXPECTED SUDDENESS YOU REALIZE...
I'M...SINKING! CAN'T...GET LOOSE...
I'M... IN ...
QUICKSAND!

YOU SINK INTO OBLIVION BEFORE THE EYES OF YOUR PURSUERS. THE COLD WET SAND IS FLOODING YOUR MOUTH AND NOSTRILS. HAS YOUR TIME COME?
...AND THIS IS THE END?

OUT OF CHAOS...



IT BEGINS...THE END...THE END OF THE BEGINNING, AND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW END...THE UNIVERSE STRAINED AT ITS VERY EXISTENCE...IT PULLED APART; RIPPED INTO A THOUSAND DIFFERENT SHREDS...

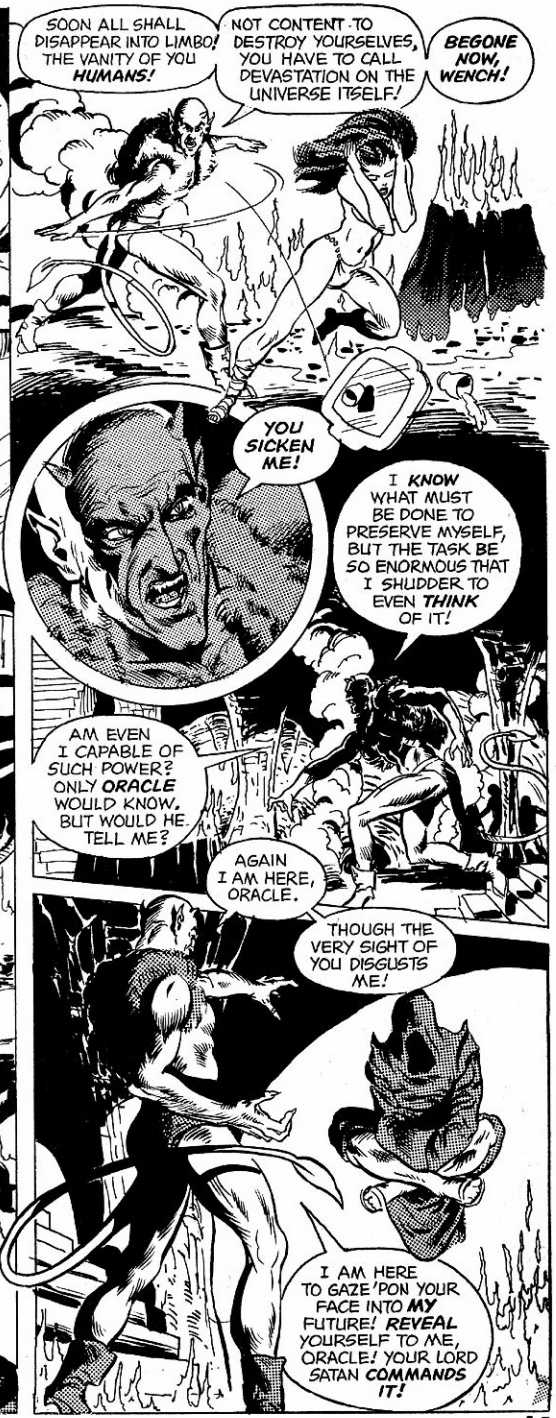
...AND IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, THE UNIVERSE CAME TO AN END!

...A NEW BEGINNING

A GRAND EPIC OF ADVENTURE FANTASY BY MARV WOLFMAN (WRITER) RICH BUCKLER (ARTIST)

Script by: MARV WOLFMAN ● Art by: RICH BUCKLER

AAARGH!! DARKNESS CLOSES IN, TRAPPING US ALL!
AND SOON ...TOO SOON, EVEN HELL ITSELF SHALL FALL INTO SOME DARK NOTHINGNESS AND WITH IT COMES OBLIVION FOR ALL!
SATAN SCREAMS, BUT NO ONE CAN LISTEN. HE RAGES, BUT THE DARK CLOUDS OF HELL CAN NOT GATHER. HE FUMES, BUT HELL'S FIRE BRINGS NO COMFORT.


SOON ALL SHALL DISAPPEAR INTO LIMBO! THE VANITY OF YOU HUMANS!
NOT CONTENT TO DESTROY YOURSELVES, YOU HAVE TO CALL DEVASTATION ON THE UNIVERSE ITSELF!
BEGONE NOW, WENCH!
YOU SICKEN ME!
I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE TO PRESERVE MYSELF, BUT THE TASK BE SO ENORMOUS THAT I SHUDDER TO EVEN THINK OF IT!
AM EVEN I CAPABLE OF SUCH POWER? ONLY ORACLE WOULD KNOW, BUT WOULD HE TELL ME?
AGAIN I AM HERE, ORACLE.
THOUGH THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU DISGUSTS ME!
I AM HERE TO GAZE UPON YOUR FACE INTO MY FUTURE! REVEAL YOURSELF TO ME, ORACLE! YOUR LORD SATAN COMMANDS IT!

NO! NO! TURN ABOUT, SILENT ONE! I CAN BEAR YOUR GAZE NO LONGER!
YOU LIE TO ME, ORACLE!
WHAT YOU SHOW ME CAN NOT BE MY FUTURE! IT MUST NOT BE!
YOU MOCK ME WITH YOUR SILENCE! I KNOW YOU, ORACLE! THAT FUTURE IS FALSE! TELL ME THAT IT IS FALSE, ORACLE! OR FEEL MY WRATH!
I CAN TAKE YOU NO LONGER, ORACLE... UNNNNN...
RRRUMBLE
YOUR CHAMBER SHAKES!
THE FLOOR BELOW ME ROCKS... HELL QUAKE! 'TIS A HELL QUAKE!!
IT IS HIM! REACHING OUT FOR US...
HE WANTS US BACK, SATAN... WE ARE DOOMED!
DAMN HIM! HE BLAMES US WHEN IT WAS HIS CREATURES THAT DESTROYED HIS UNIVERSE!

MAMMON...BAAL... PROTECT YOURSELVES! HIS WRATH WILL SHORTLY CEASE.
AND HEAVEN'S ICE WILL HARM US NOT. BUT CURSE HIM STILL, FOR IT WAS NOT US HE SHOULD BLAME.
AND SO HE PAUSES AGAIN, BUT EACH TIME HIS ATTACKS ARE STRONGER...AND EVER SO SLOWLY, HELL WILL BE EATEN AWAY TILL THERE IS NOTHING LEFT.
AND THEN WE SHALL ALL SURELY VANISH INTO BLACKNESS!
FOR, WITHOUT A UNIVERSE TO BE FEARED BY, WE ARE BUT MOCK GODS!
SATAN, THIS TIME IT WAS NOT HIS DOING. BOTH HEAVEN AND HELL FELT THE FURY OF THIS UNKNOWN FORCE!
BOTH HEAVEN AND HELL, MOLOCH?
BUT WHAT EXISTS SAVE THESE TWO WORLDS? AND WHAT COULD E'ER HAVE THE POWER TO PLAGUE US BOTH?
BEYOND THE CRIMSON VEIL LIES THE ANSWER TO SATAN'S QUEST. FOR THIS IS THE SANCTUARY, COVERT OF THE PROCREATORS, A RACE NEITHER HEAVEN OR HELL ADMITS TO...
...FOR BOTH HAVE NEVER KNOWN THE PROCREATORS, NOT LIVING, NOT DEAD...NOR SPAWNED IN A MOTHER'S WOMB...THE PROCREATORS... A RACE UNTO THEMSELVES...
WE HAVE ARRIVED...THE TIME IS EVER SOON.
WE STAND BEFORE THE THRESHHOLD OF INFINITY! WE GAZE AT LAST UPON ETERNITY! WE HOLD WITHIN OUR GRASPS THE UNIVERSE...OUR UNIVERSE.
WE ARE THE PROCREATORS OF ETERNITY...!
WE ARE THE PROCREATORS OF ETERNITY!

NOW, WITNESS OUR CREATION!
IT GROWS... THE LIFE-WOMB...THE EMBRYO!
AND WITH IT IS NURTURED THE UNIVERSE... THE NEW UNIVERSE WHICH SHALL BE OURS ALONE!
EACH MOMENT IT GROWS LARGER... STRONGER! SOON MY DISCIPLES...
...SOON IT SHALL BREAK FREE AND DESTROY THE FINAL REMNANTS OF THE OLD UNIVERSE!
GONE FOREVER SHALL BE THE CREATOR...
GONE FOREVER SHALL BE HIS LORD OF NIGHT-MARES, SATAN...
GONE FOREVER SHALL BE ALL SAVE THAT WHICH WE CREATE...
WE ARE THE PRO CREATORS OF ETERNITY!

AND DEEP WITHIN THE CRUMBLING PURGATORY THAT IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF HELL...
MARCH ON, DEMONS OF SATAN...
MARCH ON FOR GLORY! WE SHALL TAKE THE SUN, AND IT SHALL BE OURS!
PREPARE FOR GLORIOUS BATTLE, FOR THE CREATOR'S FORCES SHALL NOT BE EASY TO DEFEAT...
BUT DEFEAT THEM WE SHALL ...FOR SATAN... FOR HELL'S MAJESTY!
MY MEN DO ME HONOR! THEY GO INTO BATTLE FOR ME AGAINST HYPERION...
THE CREATOR'S GUARDIAN OF THE SUN!
SO ORACLE, YOU COME TO SEE ME OFF TO BATTLE! GOOD! PERHAPS YOU NO LONGER DESIRE TO MOCK MY FUTURE?
BRING YOUR GAZE CLOSER. LET ME SEE THE OUTCOME TO THIS MOST GLORIOUS BATTLE!
MY ONE RECOURSE IS TO CREATE MY OWN UNIVERSE...
...OR ELSE I SHALL SURELY BE DESTROYED! AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO THIS IS TO USE THE CREATOR'S POWER OVER MATTER--ANTI-MATTER...
...WHICH HYPERION PROUDLY PROTECTS!
NO!
BACK!... YOU MOCK ME STILL!
NO ONE CAN DEFEAT SATAN...NO ONE! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

NO! STAY BEHIND, LIAR! I LEAVE TO LEAD MY TROOPS TO VICTORY!
VICTORY!
ORACLE, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE!
I WANT TO LOOK AT YOU...
...WHY, YOU'RE NOT CRUEL AT ALL... I LOOK AT YOU AND AND SEE ONLY WARMTH AND COMPASSION!
WHY DOES SATAN DESPISE YOU SO WHEN HE LOOKS INTO YOUR EYES?
WHAT DOES HE SEE?
TWO SIDES IN CATACLYSMIC BATTLE...EACH MORE POWERFUL THAN AN INFINITY OF STARS ...EACH MORE CONVINCED OF THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THEIR CAUSE THAN OF THEIR FOLLY! EACH LEADING THE OTHER TO DOOM!
FOOLISH ONE...
YOU CANNOT DEFEAT THE CREATOR! HE IS...ALL MIGHTY!
YOU ARE NOT HIM, HYPERION! YOU CAN BE BEATEN!

ONWARD DEMONS OF HELL...ONWARD FOR VICTORY!
VICTORY WILL BE OURS IF WE SURVIVE!
DEATH IS THE ONLY VERDICT SHOULD WE FAIL!
MORE POWER... MORE POWER FOR VICTORY!
FIGHT ON...THE SUN MUST BE OURS!
THE SUN... AND THEN...
THE UNIVERSE!
AND ONCE DEFEATED, THE SECRET OF CREATING UNIVERSES SHALL BE MINE...
MINE!
YOU BEGIN TO WEAKEN, HYPERION. CAN IT BE THAT YOU ARE LOSING STRENGTH ALREADY?

CAN IT BE THAT YOU SHALL FALL EVEN FASTER THAN I EXPECTED?
DO NOT MAKE ME LAUGH. HE IS UNAWARE OF WHAT HAPPENS HERE...
FOR HIS MIND IS ON OTHER INVADERS!
WHY DO YOU THINK I ATTACKED AT THIS TIME, FOOL?! YOU STAND ALONE, HYPERION! AND ALONE YOU SHALL PERISH!
NAY, DAMNED ONE!
HYPERION SHALL NOT FAIL!
HE SHALL NOT LET ME. HIS STRENGTH IS MINE!
HIS COURAGE IS MINE... HIS POWER IS MINE!
YOU ARE FINISHED, HYPERION! IF THIS BE THE BREED OF WARRIOR THE CREATOR COMMANDS...
WHAT THEN CAN BE SAID OF THE MASTER?
PLEAD TO ME, HYPERION, AND PERHAPS I SHALL LET YOU LIVE!
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO TO ME, SATAN, NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT HYPERION PLEADED FOR HIS LIFE!
I SHALL NEVER BEG TO YOU, SATAN!
THEN DIE IN SILENCE!

AND DEEP WITHIN THE SANCTUARY OF THE PROCREATORS...
PREPARE FOR BATTLE, PRO CREATORS! THE FETUS UNIVERSE GROWS EVER LARGER...AND NEARS BIRTH!
AND ONCE BORN... SATAN AND THE CREATOR SHALL BE DESTROYED!
DESTROYED!!
VICTORY IS OURS! BEHIND THAT DOOR LIES SALVATION ...AND IT IS OURS FOR THE TAKING!
REJOICE, MY SOLDIERS. YOU HAVE FOUGHT HARD AND WELL FOR THIS PRIZE!
AND IT IS WORTH EVERY LIFE IT COST!
ALL I NEED DO IS GRASP THIS DOOR, OPEN IT...
AND WE HAVE GAINED EVERYTHING!
YET, I HESITATE, FOR THE FACE OF ORACLE BURNS IN MY MEMORY!
FOR, INSTEAD OF A NEW UNIVERSE..
WHAT IF I ONLY REBUILD A DEEPER, MORE AGONIZING HELL?!
CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE... TO CREATE A UNIVERSE!

THIS IS *LAMONT'S*-- THE HOUSE OF *WAX!* WITHIN THESE SHELTERED WALLS, THE *HISTORY* OF HUMANITY STAND'S MUTE AND ETERNAL; A SILENT MONUMENT TO MANKIND'S *GREATEST GLORIES* AND ITS *DIRTIEST DISGRACES!* DOWN THESE DARKLING CORRIDORS, ALL THAT HAD EVER BEEN, GOOD OR GODLESS, IN OUR POUNDING *PRESENT* OR OUR DUST-DIM *PAST*, CAN BE FOUND-- THE CORONATION OF A *KING*, SIDE BY SIDE WITH HIS INEVITABLE END BENEATH THE HEADSMAN'S AXE-- FACES OF JOY, FACES OF SORROW, ALL MOLDED BY A *MASTER'S* HAND... THE HAND OF *ANDRE LAMONT*...

IT'S *INCREDIBLE!* IF I DIDN'T *KNOW* THEY WERE *WAX*, I COULD *SWEAR* I SEE THEM *BREATHING!*
JACK THE RIPPER
THE MAN IS A *GENIUS*-- AN *ABSOLUTE GENIUS!*

Museum Piece

Script by: LEN WEIN ● Art by: SERG MOREN

AND HIDDEN IN THE SHELTERING SHADOWS...
HAH, LISTEN TO THEM! I AM NO ARTIST-- NO GENIUS! I AM BUT A TOOL-- IT IS GOD WHO GUIDES MY HAND!
YEAH-- SURE, HE CAN BE HUMBLE! AFTER ALL, HE'S GOT IT MADE!
WHY SHOULD HE BASK IN ALL THE GLORY? WHY SHOULD HE HAVE ALL THE FAME? JUST BECAUSE HE'S MY FATHER? JUST BECAUSE I OWE HIM MY LIFE?
MY LIFE! HAH-- THAT'S THE BIGGEST JOKE OF ALL! DOOMED TO SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS IN THIS MISSHAPEN LUMP OF A BODY-- LAME AND LUDICROUS! THERE ARE TIMES THAT I WISH THE OLD FOOL HAD LET ME DIE!
BEFORE WE CAN CONTINUE, WE MUST FIRST TURN BACK-- BACK THREE LONG YEARS TO A LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT-- BACK TO A REBELLIOUS, HEAD-STRONG YOUTH PUSHING HIS SMALL SPORTS CAR FAR BEYOND ITS NORMAL LIMITS...
THIS BABY REALLY MOVES-- AND I'M NOT EVEN IN FOURTH GEAR!
VVVRRROOOMMMM
...BACK TO A HELL-BENT JOY RIDE AND ITS INEVITABLE CONCLUSION...
NOOOO!
VARAWHOOOMM!

THEY UNTANGLED WHAT WAS LEFT OF LOUIS LAMONT FROM THE RUIN OF THE CAR AND TOOK HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE, SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
I'M SORRY, MR. LAMONT-- WE'VE DONE ALL WE COULD FOR HIM!
WH-WHAT ARE HIS CHANCES, DOCTOR?
VIRTUALLY NONE, I'M AFRAID! TOO MUCH OF HIS BODY WAS RUINED IN THE ACCIDENT-- IT'S A MIRACLE HE'S LASTED THIS LONG!
C-CAN I TAKE HIM HOME, DOCTOR? I'D LIKE HIM TO SPEND WHAT LITTLE TIME HE HAS LEFT IN THE HOUSE WHERE HE GREW UP!
I'D ADVISE AGAINST IT! MEDICALLY SPEAKING, WE CAN PROVIDE FOR HIM FAR BETTER HERE! BUT, LEGALLY... WELL, YOU ARE HIS FATHER! I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN STOP YOU!
NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE-- THE BOY WON'T LIVE OUT THE WEEK!
SO ANDRE LAMONT BROUGHT HIS SON HOME-- TO AN EMPTY AND LONELY HOUSE! THROUGHOUT THE ENDLESS EBONY HOURS OF DARKNESS, LAMONT SAT UNMOVING BESIDE HIS SON'S DEATHBED UNTIL...
NO! YOU CAN'T DIE-- I WON'T LET YOU DIE! YOU'RE ALL I HAVE-- THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS TO ME!
YOU'LL LIVE, LOUIS-- IF I HAVE TO FORCE EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE-- IF I HAVE TO PUMP EVERY DROP OF BLOOD THAT FLOWS THRU YOUR VEINS! YOU'LL LIVE, MY SON-- I SWEAR IT!
IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, LOUIS LAMONT KEPT HIS WORD! WITH A DEDICATION BORN OF LOVE, LAMONT NEVER LEFT HIS SON'S SIDE-- HE FED AND WATCHED AND WORKED AND PRAYED-- AND LOUIS LAMONT KEPT ON BREATHING
DEAR GOD, PLEASE-- LET LOUIS LIVE! HE'S MY WORLD! EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE-- EVERYTHING I EVER HOPE TO DO-- IS FOR HIM! IF YOU TAKE HIM, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KILL ME, TOO-- FOR I'LL HAVE NO REASON TO GO ON LIVING!
UNTIL AT LAST...
I'VE DONE ALL I CAN! NOW IT'S IN YOUR HANDS!

SUDDENLY...
UUUNNNHHH!
WHAT..?
LOUIS! YOU LIVE! YOU LIVE!! OH, THANK YOU, LORD-- THANK YOU!
UUUNNHHHH!
LOUIS LAMONT LIVED-- IF IT COULD BE CALLED LIVING! HIS FATHER HAD DONE ALL HE COULD BUT IT HAD BEEN A DISASTEROUS ACCIDENT-- LOUIS HAD LOST THE USE OF ONE OF HIS LEGS AND THE REST OF HIS BODY HADN'T FARED MUCH BETTER...
LOOK AT ME!! SEE WHAT I LOOK LIKE! YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME DIE!
NONSENSE, LOUIS-- YOU'RE ALIVE AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! I PROMISE YOU-- YOU'LL NEVER WANT FOR ANYTHING!
OH, HE TOOK CARE OF ME, ALRIGHT-- HE NEVER LETS ME OUT OF HIS SIGHT! WHEREVER I GO-- WHATEVER I DO-- HE'S THERE-- PROVIDING, PROTECTING!
LORD, I'VE BECOME THAT MAN'S PRISONER!
BUT NOT MUCH LONGER, MY DEAR FATHER-- NOT FOR LONG!
SMOK!

SOON AFTER...
I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL FACE THE OLD... HUH?
...AND THAT'S THE WAY IT STANDS, MR. LAMONT! MY COMPANY IS WILLING TO PUT UP THE MONEY IF YOU ARE WILLING TO GO TO AMERICA AND BUILD ONE OF YOUR FAMOUS WAX MUSEUMS THERE! WELL, WHADDAYA SAY?
I'M AFRAID THIS IS GOING TO TAKE QUITE A LOT OF THOUGHT, MR. CONWAY! SUPPOSE YOU CALL ME IN A FEW DAYS? I'LL HAVE YOUR ANSWER THEN!
FINE, MR. LAMONT-- I'LL SPEAK TO YOU THEN! REMEMBER-- WE NEED YOU!
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER-- WHEN ANDRE LAMONT IS ONCE AGAIN ALONE...
FATHER? I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT IF I MAY?
CERTAINLY, LOUIS-- WHAT IS IT?
I'M SORRY-- BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOUR CONVERSATION A FEW MINUTES AGO!
I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T FIND OUT ABOUT THAT! I...
FATHER-- LET ME GO TO AMERICA! LET ME PROVE MYSELF! I CAN DO IT-- YOU KNOW I CAN! AFTER ALL, YOU'VE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW! THE REST... WELL, IT'S TIME I LEARNED TO STAND ON MY OWN!
I'M SORRY, TOO, LOUIS-- MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW-- BUT I CAN'T LET YOU GO! YOU'RE TOO IMPORTANT TO ME HERE!
TOO IMPORTANT HERE!?!? GARBAGE!!

I'M TIRED OF YOUR LIES! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID FOR ME-- YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME! AFRAID I MIGHT STEAL MY SHARE OF THAT SPOTLIGHT THAT SURROUNDS YOU! I'M SICK OF LIVING IN YOUR SHADOW, FATHER-- IT'S TIME THE WORLD HEARD OF ME!
NO-- NOT THIS TIME! THIS MAY BE MY LAST CHANCE I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU RUIN IT!
THE MATTER IS CLOSED-- LOUIS-- I REFUSE TO TALK ABOUT IT ANY FURTHER!
GOODBYE, OLD MAN-- GET OUT OF MY WORLD!
SSWWIISSSHH
STEP AFTER AGONIZING STEP, LOUIS LAMONT DRAGS THE BATTERED AND BLEEDING FORM OF HIS FATHER THROUGH THE DARKENED, EMPTY CORRIDORS-- PAST THE ENDLESS WAX STATUES THE OLD MAN LOVES SO WELL...
LOU... UUGGHH!
THOK!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, OLD MAN-- YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME DIE WHEN YOU COULD!
MOMENTS LATER...
LOUIS-- W- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, YOU OLD FOOL? I'M PUTTING THE TORCH TO THIS OLD DUST-TRAP!

STOP! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING!
DON'T I, OLD MAN-- YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE THAT I DO! I'M GOING TO BURN THIS PLACE TO THE GROUND WITH YOU INSIDE-- AND THEN I'M TAKING YOUR PLANS AND YOUR FORMULAS TO AMERICA WHERE I'LL BUILD THAT WAX MUSEUM!
LOUIS, WAIT!! YOU DON'T KNOW...
GOODBYE, OLD MAN, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME-- MY SPOTLIGHT IS WAIT...
UUGGHH!
STUPID STATUES! I'LL... UUNNHH-- WHAT'S THE MATTER? I CAN'T LIFT MYSELF UP! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?
HELP ME! HELP ME!
OH, LOUIS-- LOUIS! IF ONLY YOU HAD LISTENED TO ME! I WAS TRYING TO PROTECT YOU-- YOU JUST DIDN'T KNOW! THAT ACCIDENT-- THE DOCTORS DID ALL THEY COULD-- BUT TOO MUCH OF YOUR BODY HAD BEEN DESTROYED IN THE CRASH...
WAX, LOUIS-- YOU'RE MADE OF WAX... WAX... WAX...
I TOOK YOU HOME AND DID THE ONLY THING I COULD-- I REPLACED YOUR VANISHED BONE WITH SHANKS OF STEEL-- YOUR MISSING MUSCLES WITH BANDS OF ELASTIC-- AND YOUR FLESH...
YOUR FLESH I REPLACED WITH THE THING I KNEW BEST...
SERG MOREN '41

MANY ARE THOSE WHO ASSUME THAT THE MYSTERIOUS REALM OF THE OCCULT AND THE LOGICALLY-ORDERED WORLD OF SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS ARE NECESSARILY SEPARATE AND DISTINCT. BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO IS BRIDGED, WHEN SCIENCE SUCCESSFULLY PROBES THE REGIONS OF CHAOS? THE RESULT IS BOTH UNIQUE AND UNEXPECTED WHEN...
COMES THE STALKING MONSTER!

DR. ALEISTER KOHNER SHUT HIS BOOKS; GREAT OLD CRACKLING TOMES HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD, WRITTEN IN HEBREW AND PERSIAN. NOT MANY NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS KNEW THE ANCIENT FORMS OF THESE TONGUES, BUT KOHNER HAD STUDIED THEM FOR TEN YEARS, SINCE HE WAS AN UNDERGRADUATE, FOR HE HAD ALWAYS PURSUED AN INTEREST IN THE SECRETS OF ***MAGIC!***

BEFORE HE HAD EVEN TAKEN HIS DEGREE, HE HAD LEARNED TO SUMMON FORTH ELEMENTALS, SPIRITS OF EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER, SIMPLE CREATURES OF LIMITED POTENTIAL, BUT SUFFICIENT TO BRING HIM ENOUGH INCOME THAT HE COULD PURSUE HIS STUDIES FULL TIME!

HE'S THE MASTER OF ALL ***KNOWLEDGE***, ERICA! HE CAN TEACH ME ***EVERYTHING!*** MAYBE EVEN TEACH ***YOU*** SOMETHING FOR A CHANGE!

AL! WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT!

TEN YEARS! TEN YEARS' STUDY IT HAD TAKEN, BUT ON THIS NIGHT THE STARS AND FORCES WERE RIGHT! ON THIS NIGHT HE WOULD DRAW UPON HIS MAGICAL AND SCIENTIFIC LORE, FORCE BACK THE LAWS OF ORDER AND CHAOS, AND SUMMON THE DEMON ***ASMODEUS!***

ERICA BEGAN SETTING THE PLATFORM-ALTAR FOR THE DEMON'S ARRIVAL, PLACING THE CONSECRATED GEMS UPON THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS OF THE PENTAGRAM. KOHNER WATCHED, EXPECTING HER TO MAKE MISTAKES. AFTER ALL, SHE DIDN'T HAVE A DEGREE, WHAT COULD SHE KNOW?

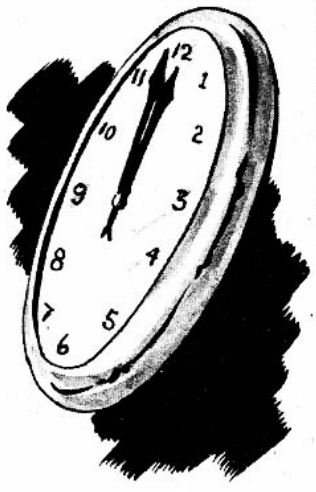
IF YOU WERE A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENT, I MIGHT...

AL! NEVER MIND, ERICA. I TELL YOU TOO MUCH AS IT IS... PREPARE THE STAGE!

CERTAINLY NOT THAT THE DEMON NEEDED NO ***PENTAGRAM-LINES*** WITHIN WHICH TO MATERIALIZE. ***FIVE POINTS*** WERE BETTER, FOR THE LINES SHATTERED AND DEFLECTED THE FLOW OF FORCES THAT WOULD DRAW HIM ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS. WITH FIVE POINTS THE ENERGIES WERE FREER, EASIER TO CONTROL.

VERY GOOD, ERICA, NO MISTAKES. SHALL WE COMMENCE?

INCANTATIONS WERE UNNECESSARY; A SONIC FILTER OF "WHITE NOISE" TO KEEP OUTSIDE SOUNDS FROM INTERFERING WITH THE PATTERN WAS ENOUGH. KOHNER LIT THE ARC-LAMP CANDLES...
NOW WE NEED ONLY WAIT...


MIDNIGHT DREW CLOSER...

KRRRAAK!
KRAAK!

YOU HAVE CALLED ME FORTH FROM THE NEGATIVE ZONE, O DOKTOR!
WHAT IS IT YOU WISH OF ME THAT I MIGHT RETURN?

I WISH FOR ME THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS AND.... KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE. I WANT GREAT RICHES AND POWER!
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL WANT. WHAT OF HER?
YOU MIGHT BESTOW SOME ADDITIONAL WISDOM UPON HER!

VERY WELL. I SHALL TEACH YOU.
BUT YOU MUST CALL ME FORTH MANY TIMES, FOR THERE IS MUCH TO LEARN. I SHALL GO TO GATHER MYSELF.
SHE IS WISE ENOUGH.
DISPLACE A POINT OF THE FIVE AND I WILL BE GONE...REPLACE IT AND I WILL RETURN!

ERICA, DISPLACE THE RUBY.
ASMODEUS VANISHED...
IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, KOHNER LEARNED MUCH FROM ASMODEUS. HE CREATED 10 GRAMS OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE AND A CRYSTAL PHIAL OF THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT, ALKAHEIST. HE LEARNED THE PSYCHIC SCIENCES AND PRECOGNITION, LIGHTNING AND FIRE SPRANG FROM HIS VERY FINGERTIPS... HIS ARROGANCE BLOSSOMED.
THEN...
LOOK AT ME!
KOHNER HAD AGED! HE'D BECOME WEAKER...
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT... DAILY I GROW MORE WEARY... NOW MY HAIR IS BLEACHING AND FALLING OUT!!
PERHAPS THE DEMON CAN...
OF COURSE HE CAN! REPLACE THE STONE!
Z-ZAP!
O-OHH!

WHAT DO YOU DESIRE, O "DOKTOR"? WOULD YOU LEARN THE ARTS MEDICAL NOW?
PER...PERHAPS, ASMODEUS! I AM BESET! EVERY DAY I GROW WEAKER...WHAT IS HAPPENING... WHAT IS SAPPING ME OF MY YOUTH... MY LIFE?
ASK ERICA! SHE IS NO FOOL! THE ANSWER REPOSES ON HER BOSOM!
SEE... DOCTOR KOHNER, YOU ARE DYING BECAUSE YOU ARE A FOOL!
DYING? WHY?
A PENTAGRAM?
YES, DOCTOR. YOU ARE AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST-- YOU SHOULD RECOGNIZE YOUR SYMPTOMS AS THOSE OF RADIATION EXPOSURE!
ERICA HAS WORN THE PENTAGRAM; SHE IS EVER PROTECTED. FOR YOU SEE, FOOLISH DOCTOR, AS I RUPTURE THE LINES BETWEEN ORDER AND CHAOS, GREAT FORCES ARE DISTURBED.
IN YOUR WORLD THE PENTAGRAM-LINES DEFLECT THEM, BUT IF NOT, THE FORCES ARE MANIFEST AS GAMMA RAYS, COSMIC RAYS, X-RAYS! DEADLY RAYS! COMES THE STALKING MONSTER, DOCTOR! YOU CALL IT RADIOACTIVITY!
WERE I TO TEACH YOU ARTS MEDICAL, YOU WOULD DIE ERE YOU COULD BE TREATED! NOW YOUR SOUL IS THE SLAVE OF HELL!
WHAT...WHAT OF ERICA?
OF ERICA? SHE HAS WISDOM ENOUGH TO MASTER MY FORCES, DOCTOR. YOUR "SLAVE" IS MY MISTRESS; I OBEY HER COMMANDS ONLY NOW! O MISTRESS ERICA, YOUR FIRST COMMAND TO YOUR SLAVE?
DISPOSE OF THE BODY, ASMODEUS.
END

As you can see, we've expanded the letters page to two pages! The reason is obvious—all those welcome letters. Keep 'em comin; we love to receive mail from our fans.

I just picked up PSYCHO #3 and it knocked me out!! It really made me wild!! The artwork was fantastic! All the stories were good but "The Heap" was outstanding. Whoever came up with the idea, keep him!!

I understand that PSYCHO #2 was the introduction of the fabulous Heap. It's mags like yours that really make it all worth while again. I read the letters in #3 and I agree that the Heap should have its own mag! Long Live the Heap!

Richie Mello,
Providence, R.I.

Wow! Richie, it's also fans like you that make it worthwhile to us. We are delighted that the Heap made such an impression with all of our fans. We've received much mail on him, and rather than answer each one, we think just printing a few of the letters will give you a general idea of the reaction the Heap is creating.

The Heap is the greatest! When I first picked up PSYCHO #3, I had no idea that this was going to be the best magazine I ever read. The Heap is great! Keep him in every issue. Frankenstein was great too!

Tim Isaacson,
Oak Park, Illinois

I have to agree with everyone who said the Heap is the greatest horror comic character of all time. Keep Andru and Esposito forever, their work is fantastic, to say the least. The cover for PSYCHO #3 by Boris Vallejo is the most sophisticated horror magazine cover I've ever seen. I believe you also have the most eye-catching lettering arrangements and color schemes of any magazine. Just keep using the Boris' cover art, the fabulous Heap, and the strangely beautiful cover story titles like "Love Witch"!

Gary Arbuckle,
Newmarket, Ont., Canada

Man, oh Man! What a book PSYCHO #3 was! The Heap made it so! You really picked the creepiest character there! I can hardly wait for issue #4 to appear. I think the Heap will open up a whole new world for horror magazines.

Donny Bucci,
Quebec, Canada

I think the Heap is great! Last month I saw an issue with him on the cover but never even looked inside it. Now I wish I had, especially after reading the Heap in the May PSYCHO.

Keep up the good work. I'm sure you will soon be the top horror comic magazine in the whole of the U.S.A. I will be reading PSYCHO as long as I live. And I can't wait to read chapter 2 of Frankenstein!

Bill Mackey,
Midland, Texas

PSYCHO is a great magazine! I didn't think much of the first issue, but when the Heap appeared in #2, I noticed vast improvements. I'd sure hate to miss an issue from now on because the Heap is so much better than anything the competition is now featuring.

Issue #3 was even better than the first two because of "Book II of Frankenstein" and another fab tale of the Heap! Two great characters in one magazine was a stroke of genius!

Lance Kern,
Atlanta, Ga.

horror books of all. But I have missed #1 and #2. Could I send money in to get them?

Mark Mintz
N.O. La.

NO PROBLEM AT ALL MARK! If you'll just look at our back issues page you'll find the opportunity to get all our great back issues. And that goes for all of our other fans who have been writing in concerning getting #1 collector's issues.

WOW! I just grabbed PSYCHO #3, and it is GREAT! Who drew the scenes for FRANKENSTEIN? I ate it up. Love Witch tore me apart! (The rug still has a few bloodstains on it.) THE HEAP was a real pile-up. But who would not agree? I guess by now you know I liked it, so I will stop typing.

John Cochrane
Athens, Georgia

You shouldn't have stopped typing. When it comes to compliments like yours we've got all the patience in the world. Frankenstein seems to be causing such a flood of letters that we barely have room to walk around. As for Frankenstein, you can look forward to seeing him in PSYCHO for a long, long time.

"LONG LIVE THE HEAP!"

I am writing to you in response to PSYCHO #3. It was just great. I especially liked the cover done by Boris Vallejo. I would however like to see a cover done by Bill Everett because I have seen his pin-ups in NIGHTMARE and especially liked the story, The Man Who Stole Eternity, illustrated by him and written by Gardner Fox. Please try to keep him and Vallejo in your future issues. When is Boris Vallejo going to illustrate a full story?

Daniel Crosby
Long Beach, N.Y.

Glad that you're so enthused with the masterful Bill Everett. We think that he is tops too, and that's why we keep him going on the greatest series of pin-ups around. Bill is a little busy to do a cover right now, but Boris is working away and you'll be seeing him again sooner than you think.

I have just started to get your book, and I liked all the stories in it, especially the Heap. I think you print the best

I have just read your May issue of PSYCHO. It is, as far as I'm concerned, the best horror mag! In your Frankenstein story, new light was put on the subject. The rest of the stories were more than just interesting. Because of this, I would like to subscribe to PSYCHO.

Bill Hemmings,
Long Valley, N.J.

Being the best is what we're aiming for right now. We have only just begun however. Before we finish, nothing is going to come near us except our Horror Twin, NIGHTMARE.

When I saw PSYCHO #1 and #2 for sale, I didn't bother to look at them, thinking that they were old reprints. When PSYCHO #3 came out, and I saw the FRANKENSTEIN monster on the cover, and the caption "The HEAP Meets the Horror Master!" over the title logo, as soon as I dug up 50¢ I bought it, and I'm not sorry! Your mag is great and has possibil-

SPECIAL EDITORS NOTE:

In answer to your many requests for a special pin-up of the Horrific HEAP, we've asked none other than everyone's favorite pin-up artist, Bill Everett, to do his rendition. You'll find it on the back cover of this issue—done in special effects.

ities! FRANKENSTEIN, the HEAP, and Man Who Stole Eternity, were the best stories, while Captain Cutlass, Gruesome Haircut, and Love Witch were just fair.

Brett Bakker
Cranford, N.J.

Always glad to see someone come over to our side. We know that our mags are going to make a lot of new fans for us. If someone can't like PSYCHO, well, we just feel sorry for him.

After reading PSYCHO #3, I felt I just had to write and congratulate you. "Frankenstein, Book II," was the greatest carry on of the story yet! And Sean Todd's artwork (which greatly resembles Tom Sutton's) was absolutely mind-staggering! Ernie Colon's artwork on "Love Witch" was also tops. The rest of the mag was really good too.

But I feel I should make a few suggestions, which I hope you will seriously consider. First of all, put "PSYCHO'S Gruesome Gallery," and "NIGHTMARE'S Pin-up," on the inside covers. No one in their right minds would ruin those covers by cutting out coupons. Next, we need a back-issues page. Last, but not least, try and get Frazetta and Jeff Jones to do some covers.

Well, I hope you can find room on your letters page for my letter, and best of luck with the new great ones.

Douglas Seymour
Charleston, S.C.

We think your idea about the pin-ups couldn't be better. As you can see in this slam bang issue, the second and fourth covers have great pin-ups by the talented Larry Todd, and the Horror Master, Bill Everett.

Talking about Jeff Jones, our great Horror Twin, NIGHTMARE, will run a cover of his on the next issue. WATCH FOR IT!

Psycho #3 is just fabulous. I have to say you don't make idle promises, it's just as great as you said it would be. Boris Vallejo did a splendid job on the cover. I'm so glad to hear that Jeff Jones and Bernie Wrightson are going to work for you. Jones does some of the best covers I've ever seen. Now, on to the current issue. I can't decide which story I liked best, but if I had to make a choice I'd say; "Frankenstein Book II" truly a masterpiece by Sean Todd or isn't Todd really a pen-name? I liked very much Dan Adkins inking but I'd prefer if he did his own layouts. The other stories were pretty good with some of the best work I've seen for some time. Bill Everett's art brought me back to those wonderful days when he did "Doctor Strange" for Marvel comics. Sensational! Oh yes, before I forget, I enjoyed that little story by Chic Stone, a gem. Just one more thing, I'd like it very much if you could have a real vampire story with vampires that look human just like in the movies. I almost forgot, I really think you should put in a fan page and discover some new talent. I, myself, am becoming an artist and will soon be able to do work. Thanks for your attention, you really have great material there. Keep at it!

Richard Charron
Gatineau, Canada

Rich, the vampires are in the works, as well as a fan page. In fact, the fan page will be handled in an unusual manner, as you'll see. As for artists using pen-names, some do. Weren't Mark Twain and O'Henry pen-names?

It was the cover that caught my eye at the stands. From now on I am a buyer of Psycho and will watch for your style, it's wonderful. I hope you will not mind, but I collect cards from famous people, and would like to ask you if possible could I have a small sketch that you don't need for my collection.

Alice McLaughlin
Detroit, Michigan

Alice, we'd love to give sketches to all our fans. However, our artists have had so many requests that they'd be busy just doing drawings to send out, and we wouldn't be able to get the magazines finished on time. But we

are working on an idea of printing some of their sketches for you to cut and frame if you'd like.

After reading your mag, I found that you have everything I wanted, except a person to narrate the stories. Most other horror books have one, but, you don't.

I've waited 3 ish's to write you because I wanted to find out if I was going to be a fan of yours, well, consider me one. You have very good writers and artists. Some of your artists' names I've seen for the first time, are they new in this field?

Steve Volkmann
Goffstown, N.H.

We're always looking for new talent. That's why you'll always see new names added to our staff. Glad to see that you found waiting it out worthwhile.

I would like to know if you have any back issues of Psycho and Nightmare. I started reading them recently and they are excellent magazines. The copies I would like to purchase are Psycho #1 and Nightmare #1 and #2. Please include the price.

Darrell McKenney
Georgetown, Kentucky

You'll find a back issues page in this mag and all future ones. Just check the copies you want and we'll be more than happy to rush them on their way to you.

coming:

PSYCHO'S PHOTOS OF FANS GALLERY!

Let's see what you readers look like. Send us a photo of yourself and we'll print as many as we have space for.

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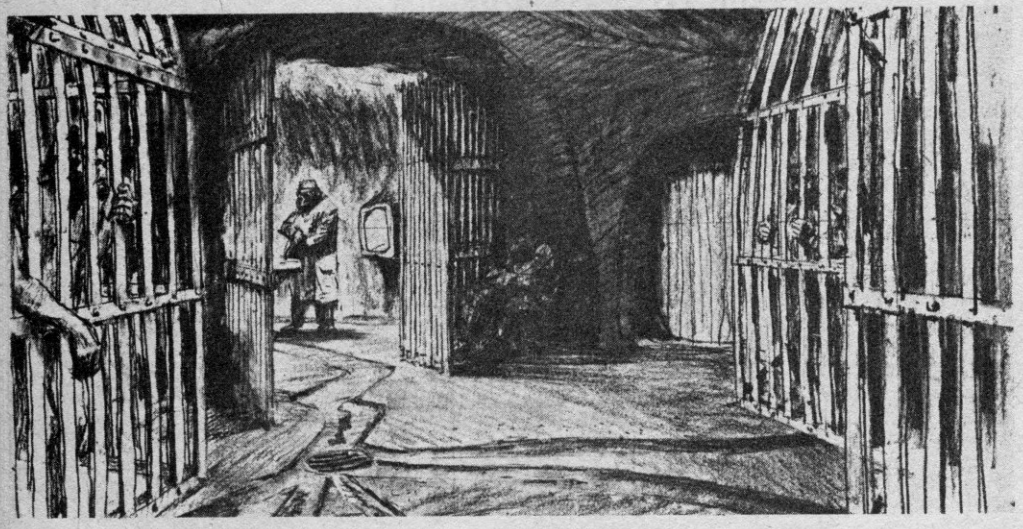
A PSYCHO PHOTO SPECIAL:

BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES

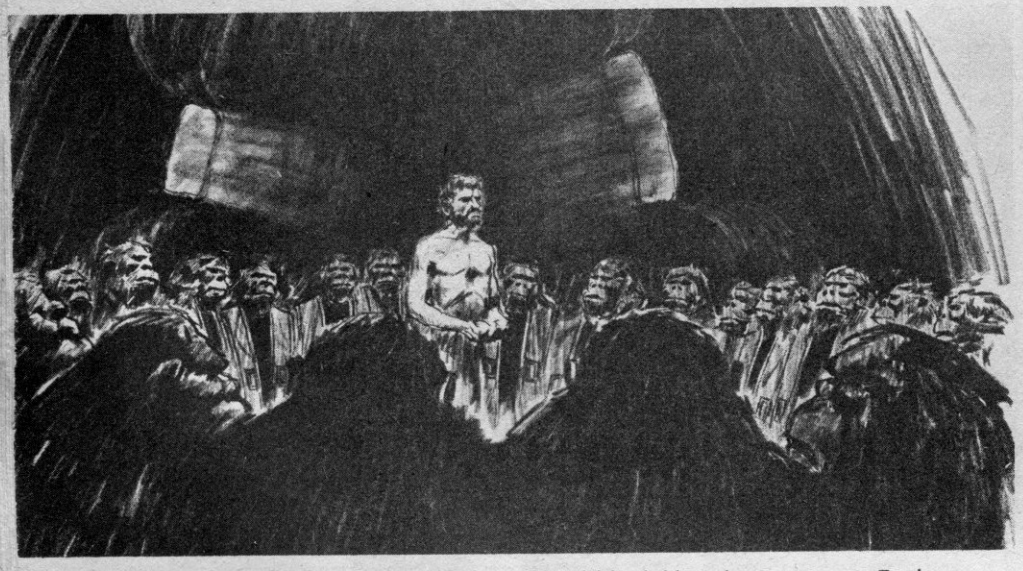
Introduction & photo captions by Allan Asherman

Just as comic-book stories need preliminary pencil sketches, and animated cartoons need storyboards, every scene in a motion-picture must be planned first with sketches. Here are some of the storyboard sketches drawn for 20th Century-Fox's classic 1968 film "Planet of the Apes."

In most cases the original sketches, done before production ever started, are almost identical to the finished product. Where differences are seen, it is because of changes made sometime between the storyboards and the final filming. For instance, the apes were originally planned as more animal-like in appearance. The final makeups were more human and expressive.



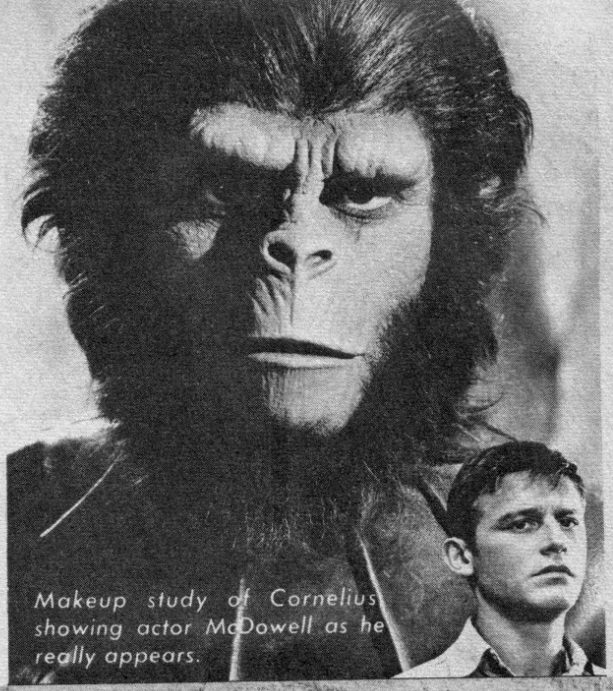
Artist's sketch of the apes' jail for primitive humans.



This storyboard shows what the scene should look like when astronaut Taylor is on trial by the apes.

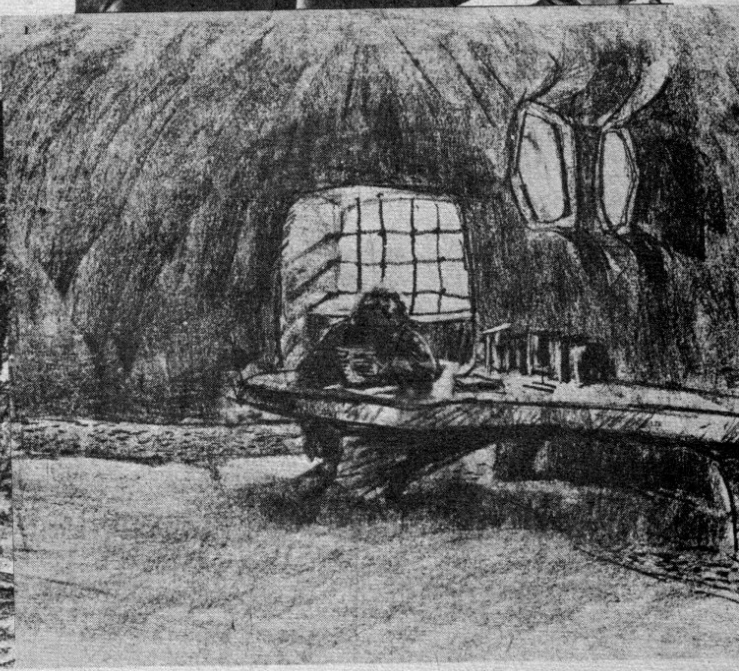
Statue of the ape Lawgiver; the original idea.

The surgery room, as it was first visualized in this charcoal sketch.

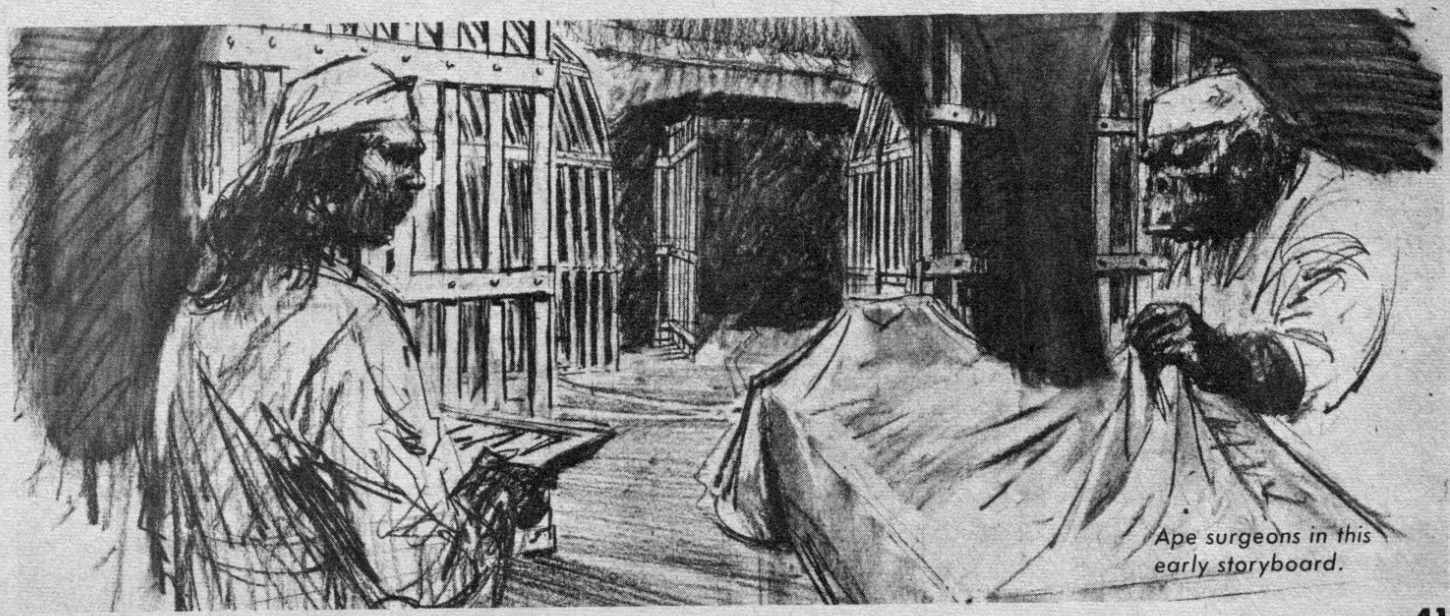


Makeup study of Cornelius showing actor McDowell as he really appears.

View of the jail and surgery area.



The office of Dr. Cornelius, friend of the earth astronaut.

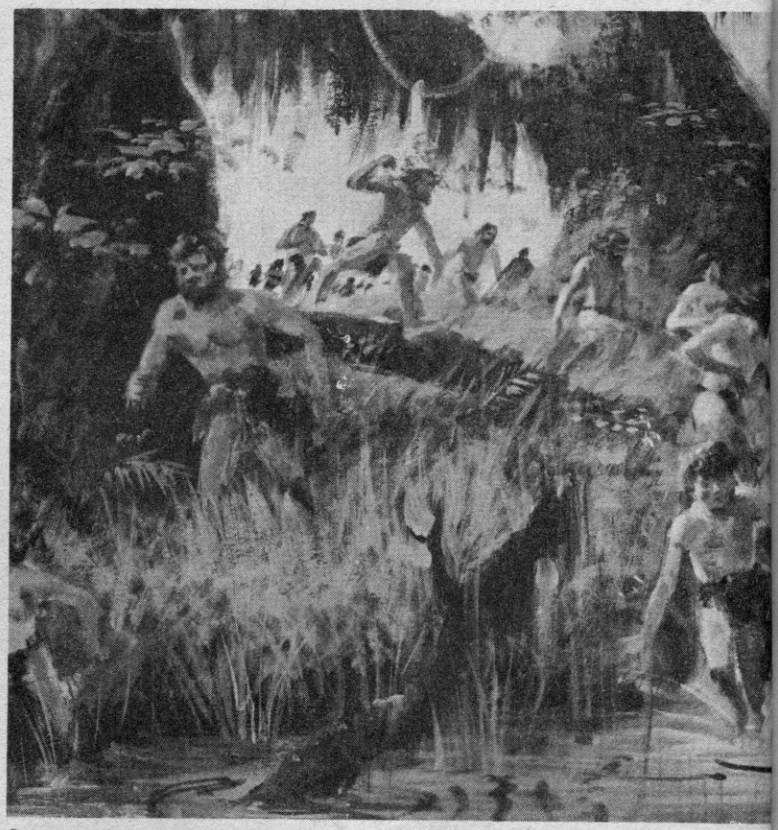


Ape surgeons in this early storyboard.

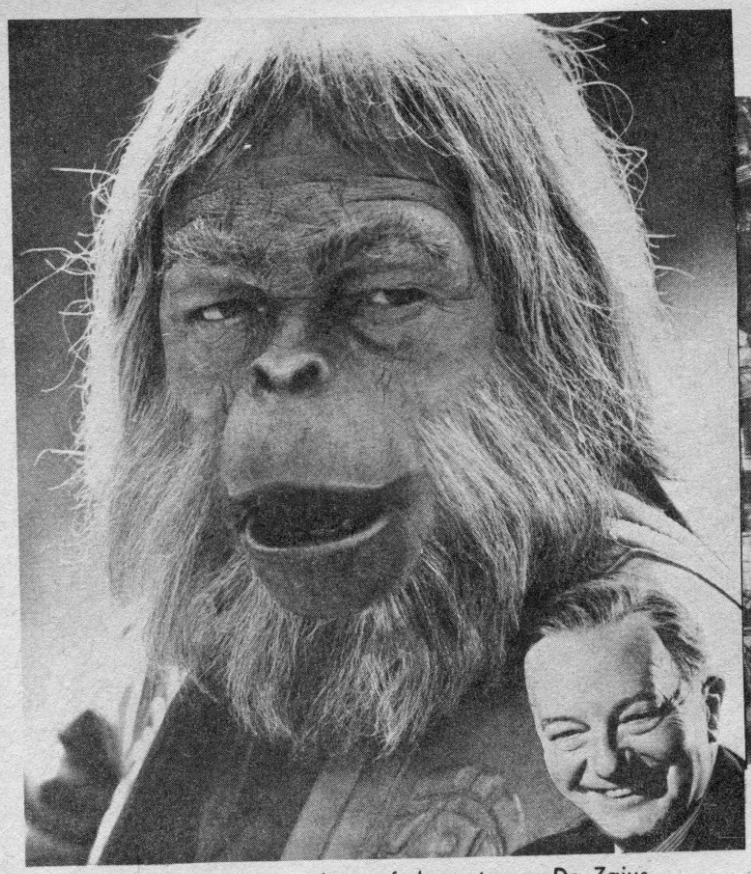
BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES:

An early charcoal sketch of the city, somewhat different than it finally appeared.

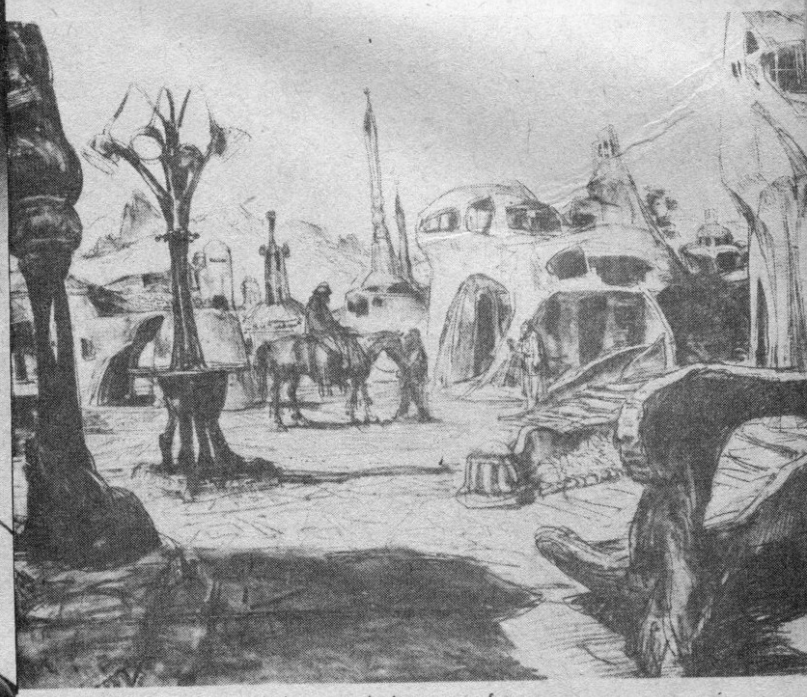
The "zoo-jail," as first imagined by the artists of Fox Studios.



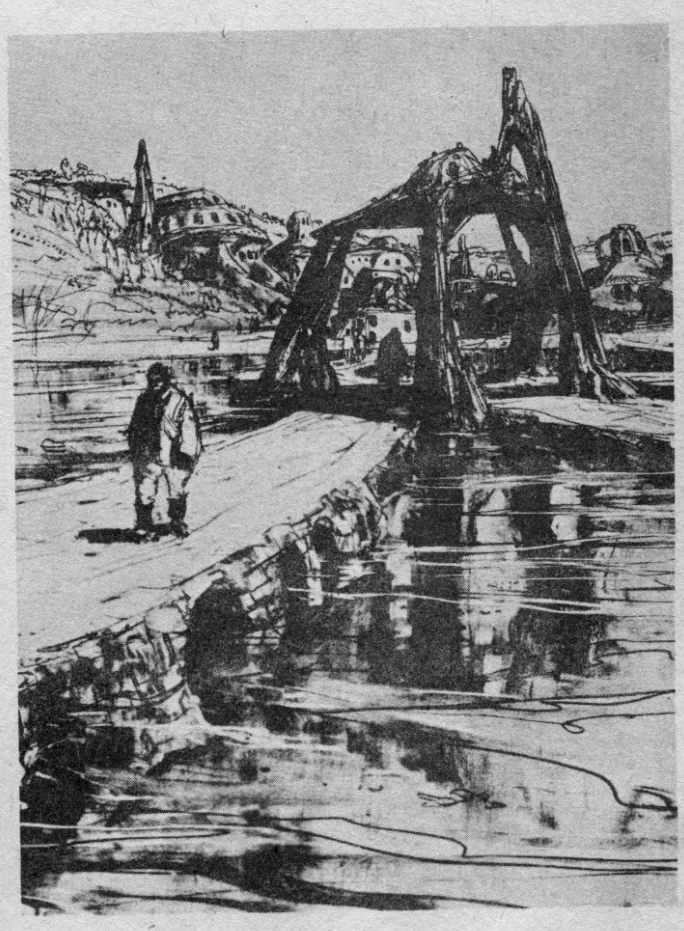
Primitive humans run in panic from apes.



Actor Maurice Evans, in and out of character, as Dr. Zaius.



Charcoal sketch of the apes' city, seen from a central location.



City of the apes, from outside the town.

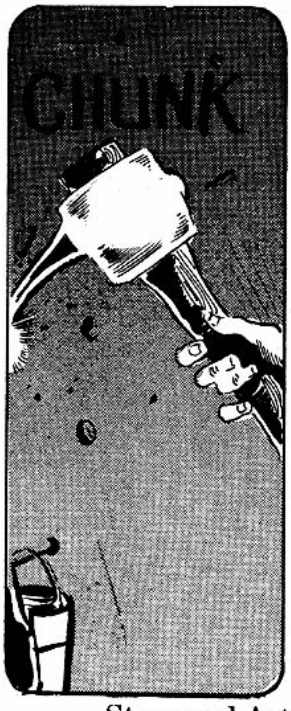
Hope you enjoyed Psycho's special behind the scenes photos. We have many more unusual specials coming up. So, keep your eyes peeled on all our future issues.

(Photos courtesy of: Twentieth Century Fox)

YOUR CRUEL REIGN OF TERROR HAS ENDED, BARON RENPHREW! JUSTICE WILL SOON BE MET!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, KANE! AYE! HEED MY WORDS, BLAGGART, FOR JUSTICE WILL BE MET! AND IT IS I WHO WILL EXACT THIS JUSTICE FROM THE HIDES OF YOU AND YOUR GOD-FEARING FOLLOWERS!
FUJITAKE '71

THE STEEL GATE SLAMS SHUT AND THE TINKLING LAUGHTER OF THE KEYS FADES WITH THE RECEDING LIGHT! YET, THERE IS NO FEAR OR REMORSE ON THE SILENT, MIRTHLESSLY SMILING COUNTENANCE OF THE INFAMOUS BARON! YOU SEE, HE HAS INSURED HIS SAFETY WITH AN UNEXPECTEDLY IRONIC MEANS OF...

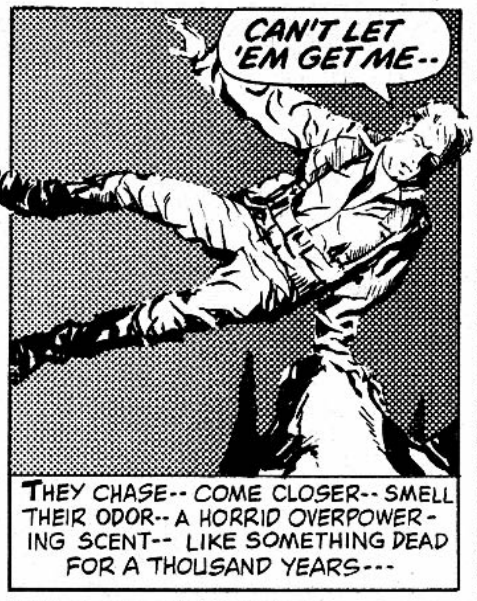
ESCAPE



Story and Art by: DENNIS FUJITAKE

A METHODICAL CHUNK, CHUNK, CHUNK, REVERBERATES IN THE MUSTY DUNGEON THRU THE NIGHT UNTIL...
CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK C
MMPH! DIRT... THEY'RE NEARLY THROUGH! HAH! VENGEANCE WILL SOON BE MINE!
HURRY, YOU FOOLS, HURRY! HA, HA, HA, HA!
ME, LORD? ME, LORD?
SHOOK
WHAT JUSTICE! THEY NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED! HA, HA, HA, CHORTLE! JUSTICE!
HA, HA, HA! MY REVENGE WILL BE TRULY SWEET JUSTICE! MY JUSTICE WILL BE MET!
HA, HA, HA, AND NOW... NO... GOD, NO... URK!
CHUNK
THE END

RUNNING-- FASTER AND FASTER-- SWEAT BEADING, FLYING FROM YOUR FOREHEAD-- EYES BLURRING-- CAVERN WALLS DISAPPEARING-- BLENDING TOGETHER--
GOTTA GIT OUTTA HERE---


CAN'T LET 'EM GET ME--
THEY CHASE-- COME CLOSER-- SMELL THEIR ODOR-- A HORRID OVERPOWERING SCENT-- LIKE SOMETHING DEAD FOR A THOUSAND YEARS---

PLAGUE OF JEWELS

Script and Art by: BRUCE JONES

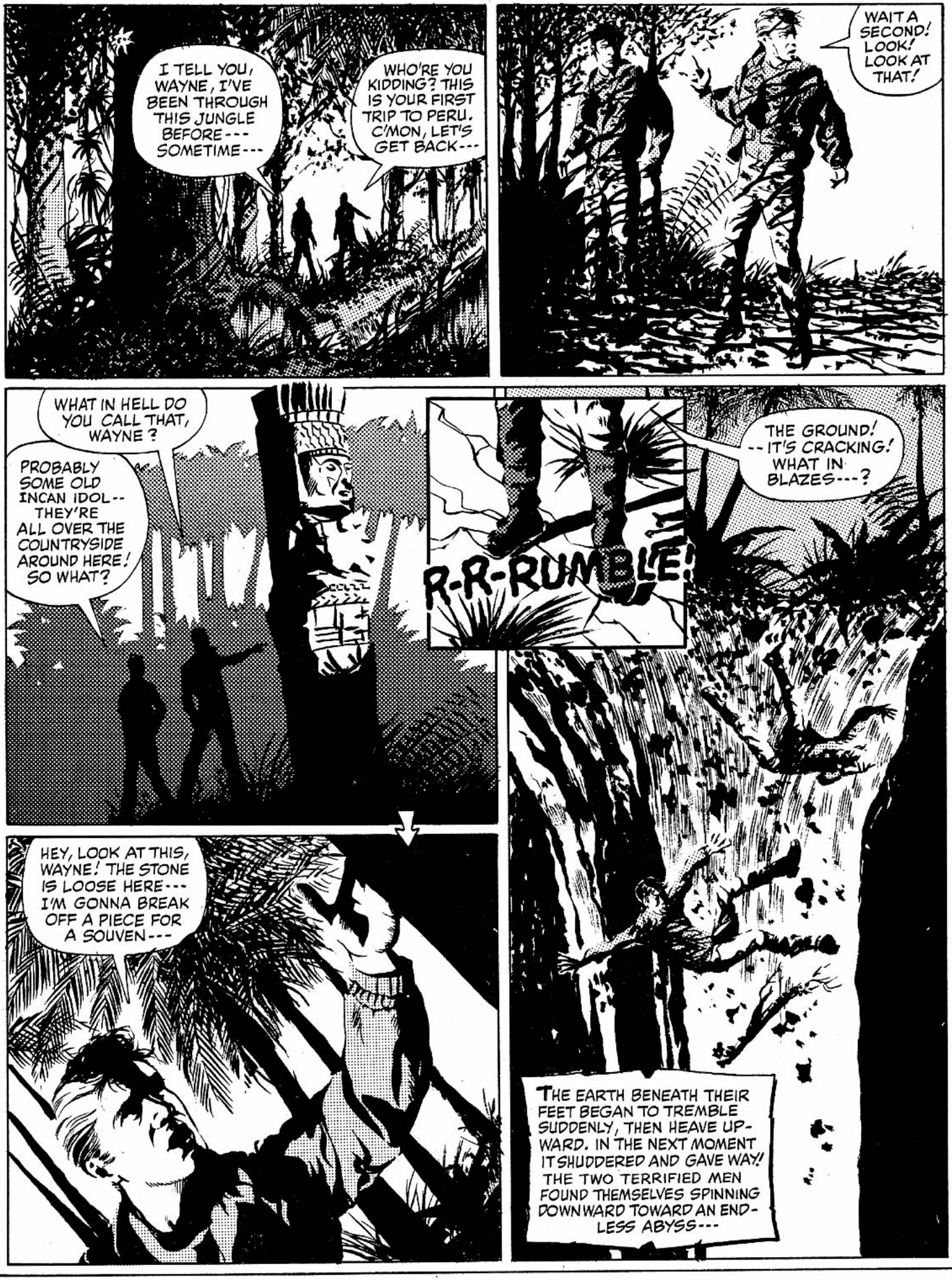
GARY-- WAKE UP--- WAKE UP-- YOU'RE DREAMING.

I WAS THERE AGAIN--- BEING CHASED BY THOSE THINGS--THOSE GOD-FORSAKEN THINGS--IT WAS HORRIBLE-- TERRIFYING.
FORGET IT, CHUM. JUST THINK OF THE MONEY-- THAT GLORIOUS MONEY! WHEN WE'RE OUTTA THIS STINK-HOLE AND BACK TO CIVILIZATION. WE'LL BE TWO VERY RICH MEN.

THANK ME FOR THAT, WAYNE. IF THAT DAME HADN'T FALLEN FOR ME, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HER JEWELS NOW!
SURE, HANDSOME, SURE. WELL, IT'S ALMOST DAWN ANY-WAY. MIGHT AS WELL GET MOVING.

HUH? OH YEAH--- SO IT IS: S'FUNNY--- I SEEM TO REMEMBER WALKING THIS WAY ONCE BEFORE---
HEY--WHERE YOU GOING? THE PATH IS THIS WAY.

WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME, WAYNE. C'MON, LET'S FOLLOW THIS OLD TRAIL AND SEE WHERE IT LEADS---
WELL, OF ALL THE---


I TELL YOU, WAYNE, I'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS JUNGLE BEFORE--- SOMETIME---
WHO'RE YOU KIDDING? THIS IS YOUR FIRST TRIP TO PERU. C'MON, LET'S GET BACK---
WAIT A SECOND! LOOK! LOOK AT THAT!
WHAT IN HELL DO YOU CALL THAT, WAYNE?
PROBABLY SOME OLD INCAN IDOL-- THEY'RE ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND HERE! SO WHAT?
R-R-RUMBLE!
THE GROUND! --IT'S CRACKING! WHAT IN BLAZES---?
HEY, LOOK AT THIS, WAYNE! THE STONE IS LOOSE HERE--- I'M GONNA BREAK OFF A PIECE FOR A SOUVEN---
THE EARTH BENEATH THEIR FEET BEGAN TO TREMBLE SUDDENLY, THEN HEAVE UPWARD. IN THE NEXT MOMENT IT SHUDDERED AND GAVE WAY! THE TWO TERRIFIED MEN FOUND THEMSELVES SPINNING DOWNWARD TOWARD AN ENDLESS ABYSS---

YOU OKAY, WAYNE?
N-NO-- LEG'S BROKE --CAN'T MOVE. YOU'LL HAFTA CARRY ME.
WE'RE JUST LUCKY TO BE ALIVE;--- LOOK AROUND YOU.
YEAH, WE'RE LUCKY, ALL RIGHT-- WE'RE SO LUCKY WE'RE TRAPPED ONLY GOD KNOWS WHERE! WILL WE EVER FIND A WAY OUT?
LOOK, THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD--- MAYBE THAT'S THE WAY OUT---
SNAKES!!
CAN'T REACH MY GUN-- COILS IN THE WAY-- ONLY CHANCE--- IF I CAN STUN IT--- CRUSH ITS HEAD---
WORKED-- I'M FREE, BUT WAYNE'S STILL IN TROUBLE-- BUT NOT FOR LONG!--
BANG!

YOU OKAY?
SURE -- I'M READY TO RUN THE MILE IN 3.8! HEY, REALLY -- GOOD GOING --- THOUGHT I WAS A GONER THERE FOR A SECOND.
LET'S GET MOVING. THE SOONER WE GET OUTTA HERE, THE BETTER I'LL FEEL.
IT'S GETTING LIGHTER --- I THINK WE'RE ALMOST--
FREE? BROWN --- LOOK AT THAT! I MUST BE DREAMING --- TELL ME I'M DREAMING, BROWN --- TELL ME.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT --- TREASURES FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD --- ALL GATHERED IN ONE FANTASTIC CHAMBER ---

THEY'RE REAL--- ALL OF THEM. REALER THAN ANYTHING, AND WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD. YAA HAA!! WE'RE RICH -- RICH! RICH!!!!
NOT US, BUDDY BOY--- ME! I'M TAKIN' IT ALL. I'M DISSOLVIN' THE PARTNERSHIP AS OF RIGHT NOW.
YOU MISSED, WAYNE--- YOUR LEG MUST'VE THROWN YOU OFF BALANCE. AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANOTHER CHANCE TO TRY YOUR LUCK---
BANG! BANG!
IT'S BEEN A NICE PARTNERSHIP, WAYNE. SORRY TO SEE IT END.
ACCCKKKK!!!
TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, WAYNE-- I WAS GOING TO KNOCK YOU OFF ANYWAY. WITH THAT BROKEN LEG OF YOURS, YOU WERE JUST TOO MUCH DEAD WEIGHT.
I'LL DIG A GRAVE AND GET YOU OUTTA THE WAY--- THAT WAY I DON'T HAVETA LOOK AT YOU.

THERE YOU ARE, BUDDY--- A NICE COZY GRAVE. YOU'LL BE-- WHAT WAS THAT NOISE ?
DEAR GOD--- WHAT ARE THEY--?
SEIZE HIM! TAKE HIM TO THE PRINCESS!
LET ME GO, YOU MAGGOT-EATEN NIGHTMARE! TURN LOOSE OF ME!
IT IS YOU, MY LOVER--YOU HAVE COME AT LAST. I, PRINCESS RA-SHANN, LAST OF THE GREAT INCAN NOBLES, HAVE FOUND MY MATE AT LAST!
DOWN ENDLESS WINDING CORRIDORS OF SLIME-AGED STONE, BROWN STRUGGLES WITH HIS GRISLY CAPTORS. THEN, ALL AT ONCE, HE FINDS HIMSELF ALONE, SPRAWLED UPON A COLD MARBLE FLOOR. A SOFT VOICE BRINGS HIM TO HIS KNEES ---
--- MATE ?

QUIET, YELLOW-HAIR, AND LISTEN. WE ARE THE LAST OF OUR TRIBE-- THE PROTECTORS OF OUR FORTUNE--- WE MUST REMAIN HERE THROUGHOUT ETERNITY GUARDING THAT WHICH IS MOST SACRED.
AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO PICK A MATE TO HELP GUARD THE TREASURE BY MY SIDE.
YOU'RE CRAZY--- STARK RAVING CRAZY.
WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT MASK--? IT'S DISGUSTING.
TO GAZE UPON THE FACE OF THE PRINCESS MEANS INSTANT DEATH--- SHE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL, TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR ANYONE BUT HER MATE TO LOOK AT.
THE LEGENDS SAY THAT I WILL MARRY ONE WHO HAS HAIR LIKE THE SUN--- AND THAT ONE WILL COME FROM THE SKY ITSELF--- YOU ARE MY MATE--WE ARE DESTINED TO BE ONE-- COME TO ME AND SHARE THE WEALTH OF MY PEOPLE.
THEY'LL KILL ME IF I DON'T GO ALONG WITH THIS INSANITY.
THEN LET THE CEREMONY TAKE PLACE--- TO THE CHAMBER OF MARRIAGE---
BESIDES, IF I DO, I CAN JUST GET THE JEWELS AND LEAVE WHEN I CAN.
YEAH-- SURE-- I'LL MARRY YOU.
I CAN'T BELIEVE ANY OF THIS--- IT'S LIKE MY NIGHTMARE, BUT ONLY MORE HORRIBLE -- MORE DISGUSTING---
BUT I GOTTA STICK WITH IT IF I WANT THOSE DAMN JEWELS---
COME TO THE ALTAR, MY CHILDREN.

IN THE NAME OF GREAT AKA-RHAN I WED THEE FOR ALL ETERNITY AS MAN AND WIFE, PRINCE AND PRINCESS, THAT YOU MAY SIT ON THE THRONES OF THE SACRED FOR ALL TIME --- EMBRACE, MY CHILDREN, AND CONSUMMATE THE MARRIAGE --- PRINCESS RA-SHANN, REMOVE YOUR CEREMONIAL MASK--
YA-AHHH!
LET ME OUTTA HERE! I'M NOT MARRYIN' ANY GHOUL ---!
COME BACK! COME BACK! THE CEREMONY IS DEFILED!

NO WALKING ZOMBIES ARE HOLDIN' ME. I'LL JUST GRAB SOME OF THESE GOODIES AND SPLIT OUTTA HERE BEFORE THOSE TOTTERING FREAKS CATCH UP.
WAYNE'S GRAVE! I'M FALLING--!
WHY DID YOU RUN, MY DARLING? WE ARE AS ONE NOW--- FOR-EVER! COME, KISS YOUR LONGING WIFE---
NO! NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF YOU--!
NO? BUT WE CAN FIX THAT, MY DARLING---
WHY ARE YOU NOT SMILING, GARY BROWN? CAN'T YOU SEE-- YOU HAVE ALL THE THINGS A MAN COULD EVER WISH FOR?-- A PRINCESS FOR A WIFE, A KINGDOM--- A WEALTH OF TREASURE--- CAN'T YOU SEE, GARY BROWN--- CAN'T YOU SEE---?
End.

FRANKENSTEIN in FREAKS OF FEAR!

ENTOMBED IN AN AVALANCHE OF ROCK WHEN THE WALLS OF CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN WERE BLASTED DOWN UPON HIM, THE MONSTER BROODED FOR LONG HOURS AFTER EGOR HAD LEFT HIM FOR DEAD. THEN, DIMLY AT FIRST, A GENTLY DISTURBING THOUGHT GREW IN URGENCY TO A DEMANDING COMPULSION! THE CREATURES' DARK AND TORTURED BEING GALVANIZED INTO TITANIC ACTION!
!!!EEEEAAGGHH!!!
THE GRAVE CAN NOT HOLD ME AND LIKE THE COLD FINGERS OF DEATH, THIS STONE PRISON SHATTERS AGAINST MY INDOMINATABLE WILL!
I MUST BE FREE! FREE TO PURSUE MY DESTINY... TO PLAY OUT MY KNOTTED, TWISTED STRING OF LIFE TO THE UNIMAGINABLE END!
I AM DRIVEN TO UNEARTH MY PAST BEFORE FRANKENSTEIN BROUGHT MY DEAD BRAIN BACK TO LIFE IN THIS VILE BUT HIDEOUSLY POWERFUL BODY!

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: DENYING HIS CREATOR THE SOLACE OF DEATH, THE VERY BLESSING IRRETRIEVABLY LOST TO THE MONSTER BY DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S ORIGINAL OPERATION, THE VENGEFUL MONSTER STEALS HIS MASTER'S FROZEN CORPSE ACROSS HALF THE WORLD BACK TO CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN. WITH THE AID OF THE EVER FAITHFUL EGOR, A SECOND OPERATION IS PERFORMED. AGAIN THE HEAVENS' OWN LIGHTNING IS CALLED DOWN UPON THE SINISTER CITADEL OF HORROR. BUT THIS TIME THE TREACHEROUS GIFT OF IMMORTALITY IS BESTOWED UPON HENRY FRANKENSTEIN HIMSELF! THE CASTLE IS BLASTED TO RUIN AND DR. FRANKENSTEIN ESCAPES TO FIND HIMSELF MISTAKEN FOR HIS OWN MONSTROUS CREATION AND HACKED TO PIECES BY THE MOB!

Story by: SEAN TODD • Pencilled by: SEAN TODD • Inked by: JACK ABEL

THE PATHETIC VICTIM OF A MADMAN'S LUST FOR FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE, THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER SEARCHES HIS CONFUSED AND TORMENTED MIND TRYING TO RECAPTURE THE ELUSIVE THOUGHT THAT TRIGGERED HIS EXPLOSIVE BREAK TO FREEDOM.

SOMETHING... I.. MUST DO.. MUST CONCENTRATE ...REMEMBER... BUT FIRST I MUST GO *AWAY* FROM THIS PLACE!

FOR... FOR JUST A SECOND... I NEARLY REMEMBERED *WHO I WAS* BEFORE THAT DAMNED FRANKENSTEIN DID THIS TO *ME!*

FRANKENSTEIN HAS, BY HIS TERRIBLE FOLLY, DAMNED US BOTH! IT IS *HE* WHO IS THE MONSTER-- NOT *I!*

IF I AM TO TRAVEL ABROAD IT MUST NOT BE AS A *MONSTER!* THIS RAG WILL SERVE...

BUT WHO WAS I? WHERE LIES THE KEY TO THE PRIVATE THOUGHTS LOCKED WITHIN ME... THAT SCHEME OF MEMORIES THAT GIVES ME A *HUMAN IDENTITY* BEYOND THIS HORROR...

THIS IS MY QUEST-- TO FIND OUT WHO I WAS!

I *ONCE* HAD A LIFE... A *NORMAL* LIFE, BUT AS WHO... AS WHAT?

DAYS OF HARD TRAVELING LATER--

THEY ARE MET WITH AN ACCIDENT-- BUT WHAT IS THAT TO ME?!

I COULD *HELP* THEM, BUT ONLY TO BE *REWARDED* BY THEIR *CURSES!* DAMN THEM -- BUT *WAIT!*

THESE ARE NOT LIKE *OTHER* MEN-- THEY ARE... NEARLY AS *STRANGE* AS I.

NATURE HAS PLAYED A *CRUEL JEST* UPON THEM ALSO! THEY ARE *FREAKS!*

I... WILL... HELP... YOU!
MANFREID, SEE FOR ME! WHAT IS HAPPENING?
SAINTS BE PRAISED! THE STRANGER, HE'S LIFTING THE WAGON BY HIMSELF!
GREAT WORK BIG ONE! YOU'VE SAVED US!
I COULD USE A FELLOW LIKE YOU! I AM FREON, MASTER OF THIS TRAVELING FREAK SHOW.
I'LL WAGER THE CROWDS IN PARIS WILL PAY WELL TO SEE WHAT IS UNDER THAT MASK!
NO MAN CAN AFFORD THAT, HERR MANAGER!
OOWWRR!! MY ARM! YOU'RE CRUSHING IT!
I WILL WORK FOR YOU, FREON, BUT NEVER TRY TO SEE MY FACE. I WARN YOU!
VERY WELL! GO WITH THE OTHERS... EAT!
WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, GIANT ONE?
IT IS POOR SLOP FREON GIVES US BUT TAKE WHAT YOU WILL.
BEWARE OF FREON, STRANGER! HE WILL WANT TO EXHIBIT YOU TOO!
HE HATES US ALL!
FREON'S HATE IS INSIGNIFICANT COMPARED TO MY OWN CONTEMPT!
FREON WILL NOT BULLY THIS ONE LIKE HE DOES THE REST OF US!

YOU ARE NO FREAK! WHY ARE YOU HERE?
MY NAME IS LILITH! I AM THE SEER WITHOUT EYES! I AM BLIND TO TODAY.. BUT I CAN SEE THE MANY YESTERDAYS AND TOMORROWS!
LILITH IS OUR BEAUTY-- THERE IS ALWAYS A BEAUTY TO CONTRAST THE BEASTS. FREON SAYS IT IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS!
YOU ALL HATE FREON. WHY DO YOU STAY WITH HIM!
FREON FOUND US ALL. HE HUNTS FREAKS! HE KEEPS US FROM STARVING AND GIVES SHELTER. HE MAKES US SIGN A PAPER, A BOND... WE ARE HIS PROPERTY! FREON GETS RICH EXHIBITING US!
HOW ELSE COULD THE LIKES OF US LIVE?
HE WILL NEVER DO THAT TO ME!
NO? YOU ARE HERE ARE YOU NOT? JUST ANOTHER FREAK ARE YOU NOT?
SO THE DREADED MONSTER FINDS A REFUGE... FOR THE MOMENT!
THE NEXT NIGHT...
LIGHTNING!
HARRRGGH!!
IS IT THE STORM YOU FEAR? LET ME CALM YOU, MY POWERS CAN BE SOOTHING TO A TROUBLED MIND!
YOUR THOUGHTS ARE MOST ELUSIVE... DARK, VERY DARK... I SEE YOUR... DEATH! IT CANNOT BE! I SEE MEN DIGGING... AN OPERATION... OH! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?!
STOP!
GO BACK! GO BACK BEYOND THE GRAVE... TO WHEN I WALKED THE EARTH... AS A MAN!
I AM CONFUSED.. THERE IS A VAST DARKNESS-- WAIT! I SEE PARIS... IT IS A HAPPY TIME FOR YOU... YOU ARE NOT AS YOU ARE NOW-- YOU DO NOT HATE... YOU LOVE!
BUT WHO WAS I? WHAT MANNER OF MAN?!
THE SCENE SHIFTS... IT IS PARIS AGAIN, BUT THIS IS THE FUTURE! YOU ARE AS YOU ARE NOW AND THERE IS (GASP!) HORROR! AND DEATH TOO-- AND ONCE AGAIN LOVE!

ENOUGH! YOU SPEAK IN RIDDLES!
CALM YOURSELF PLEASE, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!
MASTER!
EGOR!
WE ARE REUNITED! WE DRINK TO YOUR SURVIVAL!
A FEW CUPS OF WINE LATER...
AHH... LITTLE ONE... MY HEAD SWIMS WITH WINE... AND CURIOUS THOUGHTS...
SO I JOINED THIS TRAVELING SHOW TO FLEE GERMANY.
A CLEVER DISGUISE, BUT I KNEW YOU AT ONCE MASTER... EGOR KNEW...
DO NOT SLEEP, BIG ONE! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE!
THIS WINE IS DRUGGED!!
YOUR PART IS DONE, LITTLE JUDAS! WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM NOW!
EGOR! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?
I HAD TO DO IT! FREON CAUGHT ME STEALING... HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!
ALL PARIS WILL GO MAD TO SEE MY GREATEST FREAK... THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!
NNOOO! YOU CAN NOT DO THIS TO HIM!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S BEEN THROUGH!
RELEASE HIM OR I WON'T PERFORM!
I... I CAN'T BE THE CAUSE OF ANOTHER'S DEATH... NOT EVEN HIS!
OH, YOU'LL PERFORM... OR THE DEATH OF THIS JUDAS WILL BE ON YOUR HEAD!
PLEATH! MISS LILITH... CHOKE!
MAKE HASTE WITH THOSE CHAINS! WE ENTER PARIS TONIGHT!

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TOWERING CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AMIDST A TEEMING CROWD OF PEASANTS AND NOBLES, THE SHOW BEGINS...
CITIZEN'S OF PARIS! I, FREON, MASTER OF THIS STRANGE COMPANY, WELCOME YOU TO THE GREATEST DISPLAY OF HUMAN ODDITIES AND FREAKS EVER BEHELD BY THE EYE OF MAN!
AND THIS YEAR SOMETHING EXTRA! YOU MAY HAVE SEEN THE TWO HEADED MAN, THE THREE ARMED MAN, THE PIN HEADS, THE CROCODILE SKINNED MAN... AND HUMAN CURIOSITIES OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, BUT...
NOT UNTIL THIS DAY HAS ANY MAN OBSERVED THE MONSTROUS CREATURE I AM ABOUT TO OFFER FOR YOUR APPRECIATION!
NO MAN HAS SEEN HIS FACE AND LIVED!
SHOW US FREON! WE ARE NOT AFRAID!
SHOW US WHAT YOU HAVE TO OFFER!
FREON'S FREAK SHOW
I SWEAR THESE FREAKS BECOME MORE AMUSING EACH SEASON!
I OFFER YOU... THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!
HHHEEEEAAGH!

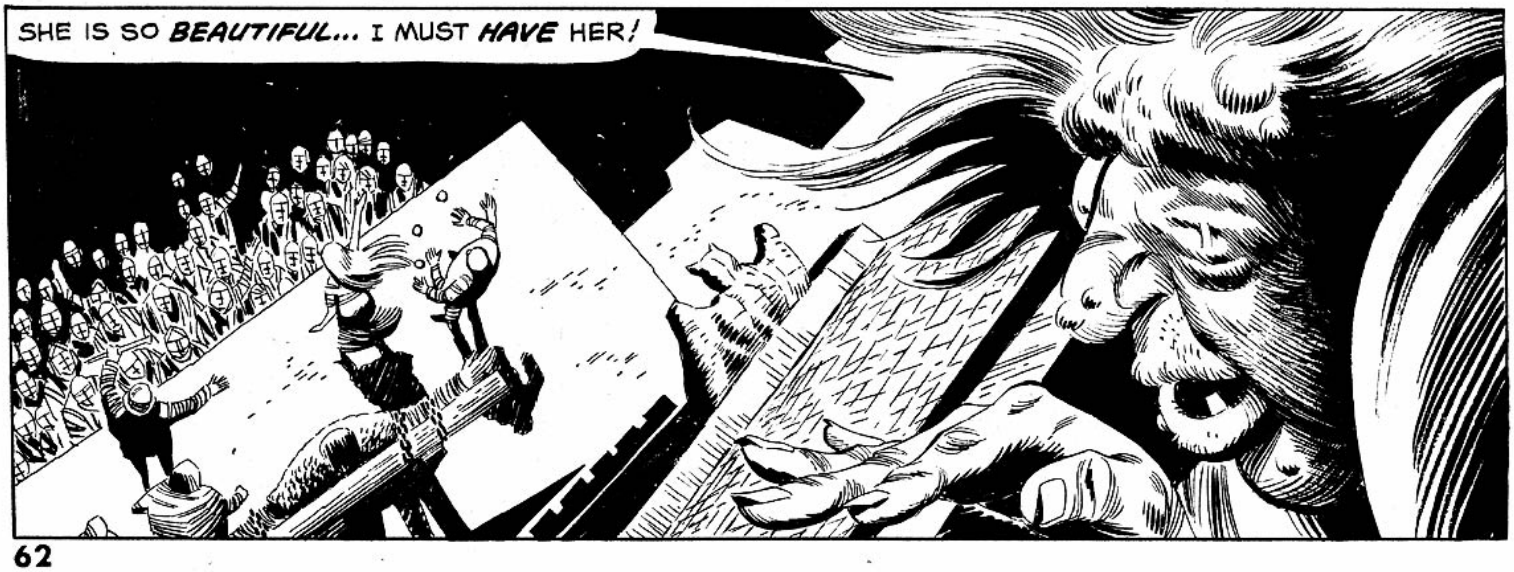
WAIT!
IT IS THE MONSTER BUT HE'S POWERLESS NOW!
IT'S TRUE! WHO'S AFRAID OF A HELPLESS FREAK LIKE HIM!
FREAKS

THAT'S HOW MUCH YOU FRIGHTEN US, FREAK!
HA! HA HA! HAHA

BUT ALL EYES ARE NOT UPON THE MONSTER...
HIT HIM AGAIN!
HAHA!

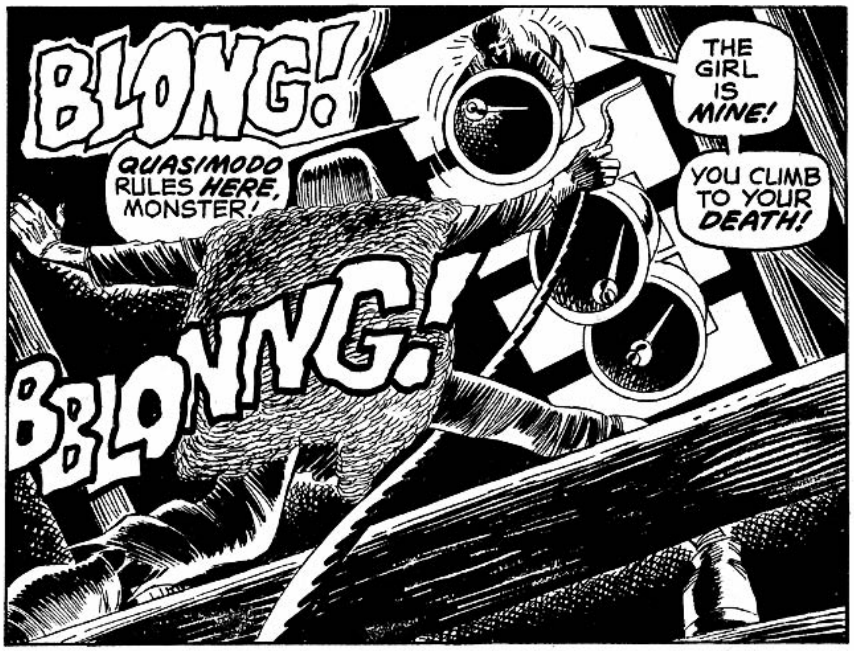
WATCHING THE FREAKS IS A KINDRED SOUL...

THE BELL RINGER OF THE GREAT CATHEDRAL... QUASIMODO, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME!!


SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL... I MUST HAVE HER!

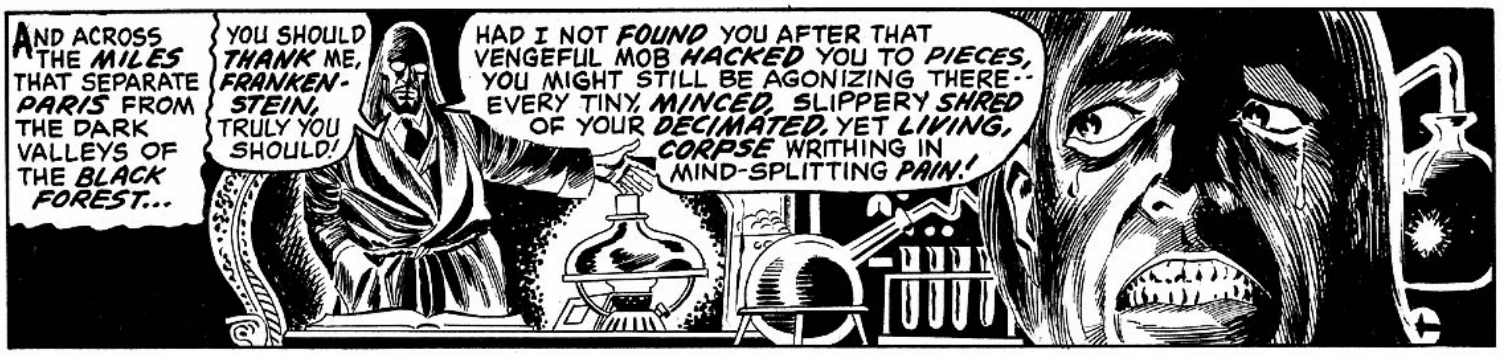
I WILL HAVE HER!
HO! IT'S QUASIMODO! THE BELL FREAK CHOOSES A MATE!
YIIIII!
LILITH'S SCREAM SEERS THROUGH THE MONSTER'S TORMENTED MIND. IN AN INSTANT HE IS AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FANTASTIC POWERS!
LILITH!
NO! THIS MUST NOT BE!
HELP! HE'S BROKEN LOOSE!
RELEASE ME! I COMMAND IT!
CERTAINLY, FREON! JUST AS YOU...
...COMMAND!
:CHOKE!:
SPLAK!

I DARE NOT LOSE HER! SHE IS THE LINK TO MY PAST!
COME NO FURTHER, MONSTER! I WARN YOU.


BLONG!
QUASIMODO RULES HERE, MONSTER!
THE GIRL IS MINE!
YOU CLIMB TO YOUR DEATH!
BBLONNG!

THE NOISE OF THE BELLS... THE SHOCK IS DEAFENING... POUNDING AT ME...
BBLONG!
BBLONG!

BLONG!
BLONG!
BLONG!
BLONG!
AAARRRGGHH!


AND ACROSS THE MILES THAT SEPARATE PARIS FROM THE DARK VALLEYS OF THE BLACK FOREST...
YOU SHOULD THANK ME, FRANKENSTEIN, TRULY YOU SHOULD!
HAD I NOT FOUND YOU AFTER THAT VENGEFUL MOB HACKED YOU TO PIECES, YOU MIGHT STILL BE AGONIZING THERE-- EVERY TINY, MINCED, SLIPPERY SHRED OF YOUR DECIMATED, YET LIVING, CORPSE WRITHING IN MIND-SPLITTING PAIN!

YET NO MATTER HOW YOU HAVE SINNED AGAINST ME, HENRY, I HAVE HELPED YOU. I HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY LABORATORY-- SAFE FROM YOUR ENEMIES, SAFE FROM THOSE KEEN AXES, HEH, HEH!!

AND NOW IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO HELP ME... YOU WILL CO-OPERATE, WON'T YOU FRANKENSTEIN... WON'T YOU?

THE CURSE OF THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN KNOWS NO BONDS!
FIRST I AM DENIED THE BLESSING OF DEATH BY MY OWN CREATION, AND NOW... THIS!
THERE IS NO TIME FOR LAMENTING, HENRY. I HAVE GREAT PLANS FOR YOU!
I HAVE IN MY POWER THE VERY MIND THAT SUCCEEDED WHERE I FAILED..THE BRAIN THAT CREATED THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!
TOGETHER WE SHALL GIVE LIFE TO A BEING SO TERRIBLE THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER HIMSELF WILL SHUDDER AT THE VERY SIGHT OF IT!
MORE TERROR, MORE FEAR TO COME!
THE END

PSYCHO
PRESENTS
THE
HEAP